~~Fiction~~

Nancy Shepherd

from her godfather:

Christmas 1929.

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TUCKER *of* UGANDA

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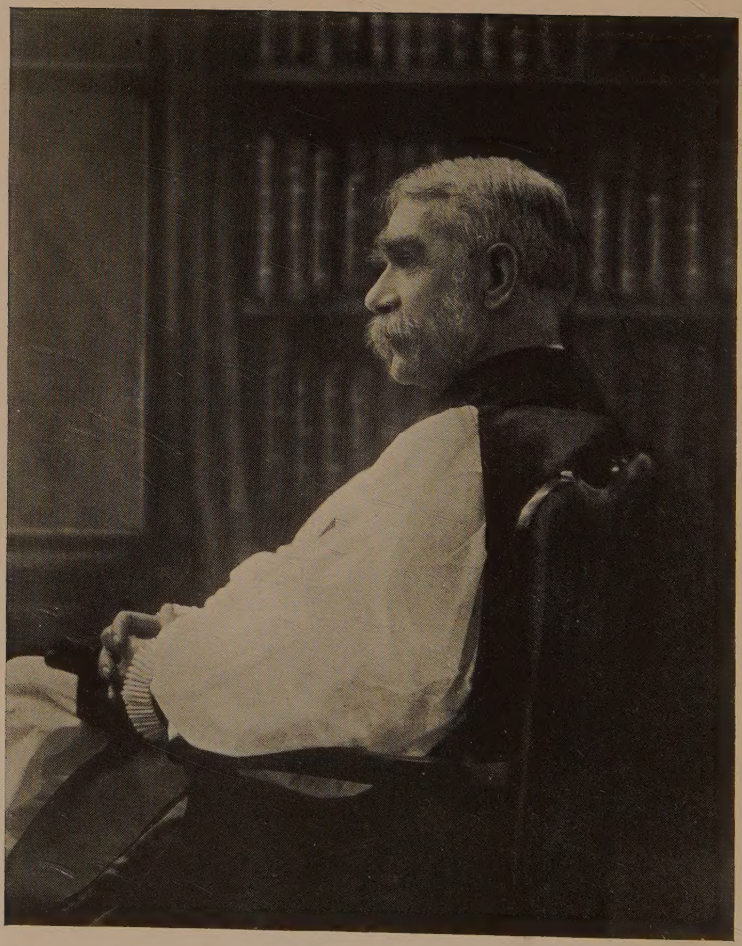

ALFRED TUCKER

AT SIXTY-ONE

TUCKER *of* UGANDA

ARTIST AND APOSTLE

1849-1914

By

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Arthur Neve of Kashmir
Yarns on Brothers of All the World, etc.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT
32 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

EDITORIAL NOTE

THIS volume is the ninth of a uniform series of new missionary biographies, in the production of which a group of unusually able writers are collaborating.

While these volumes contain valuable new material, this is not their main objective. The aim rather is to give to the world of to-day a fresh interpretation and a richer understanding of the life and work of great missionaries.

The enterprise is being undertaken by the United Council for Missionary Education, for whom the series is published by the Student Christian Movement.

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PREFACE

BY

ARCHBISHOP LORD DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH

Our happily increasing care about foreign missions bids us make the most of missionary biographies. Among these the Life of Alfred Tucker is indispensable for the right understanding of missionary work in Africa to-day. And the story of his life, in all respects notable, is in some respects unique. There has been no other instance in English history of a prominent artist, whose pictures are to be seen in the Royal Academy and elsewhere, hearing a sudden call to Holy Orders and responding to it with enthusiasm. Again, there is, I think, no parallel, in modern times at least, to the universal acclaim which greeted the selection of a young priest of seven years' standing to become the bishop of a great area upon which were fixed the eyes of all sorts of people, political, social, and scientific, as well as missionary, at an exciting and even momentous juncture. Eager politicians had denounced from a Radical standpoint England's response to the appeals on behalf of Uganda and the opening of a road thither, and the martyrdoms of a great number of young converts had elicited sympathy in quarters not accustomed to take much interest in foreign missions. It cannot but be a wonderful thing to read the story of how a man thus equipped and suddenly launched into missionary effort was to become not a missionary only, but a constructive statesman of the first order among peoples for whose handling we had little precedent or example. This little book tells us

with straightforward simplicity the story of that young man's adventure and achievement.

Familiar as his name became in church circles, and far beyond them, during the last twenty years of his life, I do not think that his greatness has ever been appreciated to the full. It was my good fortune to see much of him in the 'nineties when, during his necessarily frequent visits to England, some of his most difficult work was being planned and executed. In my then position as Bishop of Winchester I had no special relation to him or to his diocese, but he was good enough again and again to seek my counsel either in London or at Farnham, and I was increasingly impressed with a sense of his outstanding prowess among the contemporary leaders of the Church's expanding life. From whatever aspect one looked upon his work, its indomitable vigour seemed to outshine the powers of other men. First and simplest was his wonderful physical robustness. His iron frame enabled him to emerge year after year victorious, though not unharmed, from the perils and fatigue of terrible journeyings through the fever-swept swamps and forests of East Africa, which proved fatal to a whole series of our bravest and most promising missionaries. But his physical endurance and recuperative powers were a comparatively small thing when compared with his capacity of forward vision into Africa's coming years, and the ready resource and persistent courage with which he fearlessly faced year after year the recurrent problems of racial, political and ecclesiastical difficulty which confronted him. This little book will help every thoughtful reader to gain a glimpse of these, and will stimulate many to use the ample material which he and others have provided for the understanding of the great issues which in those eventful years were already at stake.

From the year 1903 onwards I was, as Archbishop of Canterbury, in constant touch with him upon those

questions, and I have seldom, in a long experience of such interviews and correspondence, been more deeply impressed than I was by his breadth of vision, his wise balance of conflicting possibilities of action, his ingenuity of plan, and his unfailing power of bringing such difficulties to the touchstone of the deepest and soundest Christian principles. I did not always agree with him, but I never parted from him without a sense of having been in the presence of a Christian statesman endowed with unusual width of vision and with a penetrating power of loyal Christian judgment. For those who remember the Lambeth Conference of 1908, the recollection of Alfred Tucker's contribution to our debates is an outstanding one. He belongs to the same type of missionary statesman as do some of the early and mediæval missionaries of Europe, and, more markedly perhaps than any of them, he was able ere he died to see in the adolescence of a Christian state whose infancy he had tended, the fruit of his tireless courage and resource in the service of the Master whom he loved.

DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH
Archbishop

August 1929

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

ALFRED TUCKER died in 1914, and this, his first biography, may well appear somewhat belated. This delay was due primarily to the War, for, though a start was made almost immediately after his death to collect material for his biography, the book itself was postponed, and even in the earlier post-war years was not taken in hand owing to the many difficulties of publication.

The Uganda Mission Jubilee in 1927 created a special demand that the book should be written, but Mrs Ashley Carus Wilson, the original author, no longer felt able to proceed with it, and the present writer, who is the vicar of a town parish, has found the task so difficult amongst other claims that the publication has been even longer delayed.

However, this gap of fifteen years has not been without advantage, for Alfred Tucker's policy was so far in advance of his time that his life will be better appreciated in these present days when, for the first time, many of his ideals are being accepted, his visions fulfilled, and his policies justified.

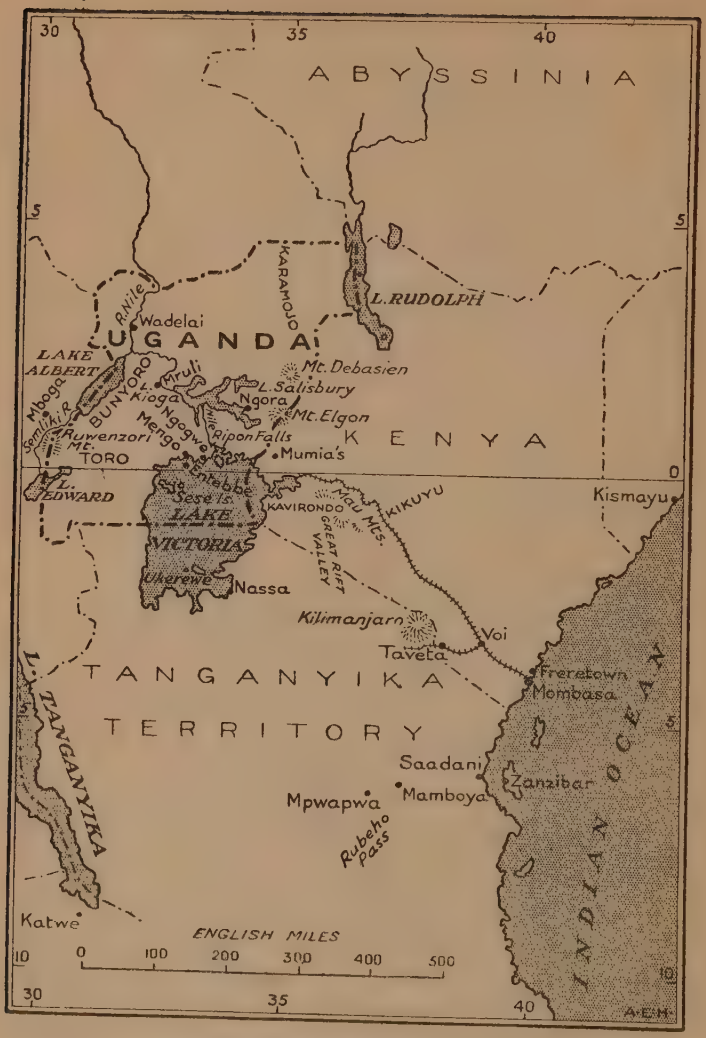
The main sources of this biography are Bishop Tucker's own book, *Eighteen Years in Uganda* (published by Arnold & Co., 7s. 6d., from which the majority of the quotations are taken), and the contemporary numbers of the C.M.S. *Intelligencer* and *Record*, together with a number of letters, covering the greater part of his ministry in Africa, written to his two former vicars, the Rev. E. P. Hathaway and Prebendary H. E. Fox, and to the late Mrs Charles Carus Wilson. Other sources are short memoranda by his contemporaries in Uganda, Archdeacons Walker and Baskerville, Drs A. R. and J. H. Cook, and the Rev. A. B. Fisher, and some personal notes by Mrs Tucker. The writer is deeply indebted to Mrs Ashley Carus Wilson, who had originally collected the letters and memoranda and generously put them all at his disposal, and also to the editorial committee of the U.C.M.E. for most valuable criticism and advice.

ARTHUR P. SHEPHERD

ST JAMES THE GREATER VICARAGE
LEICESTER, *July* 1929

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	Preface by Archbishop Lord Davidson of Lambeth	5
	Author's Preface	8
	Map	10
CHAP.		
I.	The Moment and the Man	11
II.	Early Days	17
III.	Great Decisions	24
IV.	The Story of Uganda	34
V.	The Beginning of the Adventure	45
VI.	The Peacemakers	55
VII.	Claiming a Blood Debt	66
VIII.	The Uganda Protectorate	83
IX.	Famine and Fever: Taking another Risk	96
X.	A Missionary Church	108
XI.	Champion of the Captive	118
XII.	Bearing the Light Afar	128
XIII.	Church and State and Home	145
XIV.	Father and Friend	154
XV.	Building for the Future	164
XVI.	"Life in the Old Dog yet"	171
XVII.	Pioneering still—Triumph out of Disaster	178
XVIII.	Durham Bells again	191
	Index	203



PART OF EAST AFRICA
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CHAPTER I

THE MOMENT AND THE MAN

THE nineteenth century is famous for its discoveries in thought, science and mechanism. Its greatest discovery was Africa.

Many discoveries alter customs and ways of living, introduce different standards of wealth and comfort, shatter conventions and change religious outlook. But the discovery of a new continent still more vitally affects mankind. Its appeal is to men of all kinds from the highest to the lowest and to what lies deepest in them. It awakens the imagination, it stirs new life, it restores youthfulness with its call to adventure, it fashions new peoples and throws back the vigour of their new life on to the lands of their origin.

So it was in Spain and England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries through the discovery of America. So, too, with England, Portugal, France, and the Netherlands when the Mohammedan flank was turned by the passage round the Cape and a new way was found to India and the Far East. It was even more so with Europe in the nineteenth century. Her other discoveries in science and mechanics had made her better equipped for seizing and making good her discovery of Africa and for developing its possibilities. Besides, Africa was not half across the world, but at her elbow. From the dawn

of history civilization had lapped Africa's northern shores, and for a hundred and fifty years had freely circled every quarter of them, but Africa herself was still an accepted mystery, hidden behind the silent refusal of burning deserts and impenetrable forests, of mighty rivers thundering down in impassable cataracts or winding in a maze of fever-ridden swamps. Suddenly and quickly the mystery was disclosed by the voices of Speke, Burton, Grant, and, more loudly, of Livingstone and Stanley. Europe was galvanized into new life and jumped to the scramble for the prize.

Fortunately, however, the first call from Africa was not to an El Dorado of gold, but of men. Before the possibilities of her soil and her mineral wealth were known, the call was to the possibilities and romance of her people. It had been the one thing known of the hidden mystery of Africa that within her borders was a seemingly inexhaustible supply of raw humanity for the slave markets of America and the East. The first great cry from discovered Africa was a call to redress this hideous wrong and to set a helpless people free.

For this, Africa will one day thank God. It was that start—small enough, but a start—that made all the difference and that saved Africa from being the nineteenth-century counterpart of Mexico and Peru. It was not till twenty years after the call of Livingstone that the European scramble for Africa began. For those twenty years, and for nearly another five, almost all the impact of Europe on Africa was directed to its people, almost all the interest taken in Africa by Europe was in the story of African missions.

The centre of this interest, the most romantic chapter in this story, lay in Uganda, that country of a strange civilization which Stanley had found in the very heart of the Dark Continent, that fabled land of the sources of the age-old Nile. There, the most far-reaching and the most effective start was made by the spiritual forces of discovery. But even here the start, important as it was, was almost lost, owing to the immense obstacles that the pioneers in this adventure for humanity had to overcome. Disease, persecution, martyrdom, savagery, relentless intrigue, combined to close what at first had seemed a promising opening. Voices were raised for the abandonment of the adventure, and even the hands of commerce and politics, that had been preparing to take advantage of the start already made, faltered and were ready to withdraw.

In a great measure the situation was saved by one man—Alfred Robert Tucker. The instruments to his hand were undoubtedly exceptional. The Baganda were in a sense the key people of Central Africa, the British East Africa Company and the British government represented commerce and politics at a very high level. But it was Tucker who at the critical moment braced doubtful hearts, pointed the way to the line of duty and responsibility, and made possible a complex of state, industry and church which has never lost the imperishable advantages of its spiritual beginnings, and that has provided the leaven of that African civilization which is springing to life through contact with European culture.

It is easy to under-estimate the worth of Tucker's achievement. It was too successful. It is a frequent penalty of success that its achievements are taken

for granted and the possibilities of failure are not remembered.

Tucker's methods of work and his judgment have not infrequently been criticized, and no man is above the need of criticism. But here again it is one of the consequences of sustained success that slight inequalities of performance and individual acts of mistaken judgment are looked at and criticized along the plain surface of a general success. They would have been unnoticed had a lesser genius kept a less even course.

There were three elements in Tucker's achievement which are the key to the appreciation of his life's work.

In the first place, Uganda presented a unique missionary opportunity. In China, India, and Japan, Christian missions found age-long and highly developed civilizations intensely hostile to western interference. In each case the history of modern missions began in the humblest way with the lowest and poorest of the people, and ranked as far less important than any other western impact. In Uganda there was a civilization primitive enough to be readily shaped by European influence, and developed enough to provide a people of considerable ability and intelligence. Moreover, Christianity was the first and for a long time the only vital impact of the West upon the people, and by the course of events it resulted that the Christian Church was found not principally among the lowest order of the people, but among the chiefs and the ruling class. This was a new situation, full of possibilities, and Tucker's artistic genius instantly perceived and developed it. The result was the establishment,

in the face of bitter criticism, of a native, self-governing, self-supporting Church, along lines which are to-day the recognized policy of the whole mission field.

In the second place, Tucker had perceived from the first the inevitability of the inrush of trade, the necessity of political control, and the importance of mutually harmonious relations between these elements and the mission. This harmony he achieved to an extent probably unequalled in any other part of the mission field. It was not an easy task. It was a time of fervent emotionalism, and there were many missionary supporters who had no use for educational work or political relationships and who saw no scope for missions beyond simple evangelism. Such people did not realize the true value of Tucker's work and continually found fault with his incursions into other fields.

Lastly, Tucker showed most remarkable qualities of leadership. He arrived in a sphere highly charged with religious emotion and romance, which had called out and would call out men of striking ability and often uncomfortable originality. Neither of his predecessors had lived to meet this responsibility. It was a two-fold task: on the one hand the maintenance of harmony, and on the other the full use of the manifold gifts of diverse men, while still securing a unity of policy for the whole. Tucker succeeded: only a great man could have done it.

The moment when on a calm and sunlit sea a ship makes port, home from across the world with her cargo safely borne, is one which provokes pleasing reflections on the romance of seafaring or, in lesser minds, captious comparison with other trimmer ships whose

business has been done in nearer waters. It is not a moment that reveals the true quality of that home-coming. For that you must have sailed aboard her and weathered the shock of wind and wave, have trembled for the safety of the cargo as she wallowed in the trough of some mighty storm, or seen the edge of a hidden reef slide by, missed only by a few yards, in some uncharted sea.

So, too, with the life of Alfred Tucker. You cannot measure its quality only by the things accomplished, the increase in converts, the multiplication of churches, the expansion of Christianity into other lands, the harmonious progress of state and church. You must journey with him and see the problems he had to face, the dangers avoided and so forgotten, the risks courageously taken and so lessened for other men; you must see the vision before it became a commonplace of achievement, when it was still only a vision, apparent to few or none but himself.

Behind the thing done, to find the man! That is the aim of this book. If we find him we shall get the inspiration of a life lived in the clear consciousness of being summoned to a task and thereto offering unstintingly all its resources: a rare strength of body, an artist's imagination and intuitive judgment, an unswerving instinct of self-sacrifice, and a supreme love of God and man.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS

1849–1878

UNTIL he was fifteen Alfred Tucker's childhood was a broken one, probably therefore all the more interesting to himself and his four brothers. Their parents were both landscape artists, and in the pursuit of a living moved from place to place. One result of this was that friends were not easy to make, and children and parents were thrown very much together in a close family intimacy. School education too was almost hopeless, unless the boys were to be sent from home. To find a new school and get them settled, and then almost at once to uproot them, was a profitless proceeding, and Alfred finished with school at thirteen. It was not the disaster it might have been for another boy, for in the artistic atmosphere of his home he received an education unusual but perhaps all the more valuable. Like his brothers he soon displayed his parents' artistic talent, and progressed so rapidly that at fourteen he painted the first picture that he sold.

A year later, in 1865, his parents determined to settle down, and finally chose as their home a house in the beautiful Westmorland valley of Langdale. It was an ideal home for the Tuckers. The boys worked all together in one large studio under the criticism of their parents and the frank comments

of one another, and their artistic talents developed rapidly. Besides painting there were the endless pursuits that the country offers to boys. Alfred's first enthusiasm was to keep pets. Hens and ducks he had, even turkeys and geese, and a pet donkey. Already at fifteen he was sturdily built and showed promise of the great physical strength and endurance of his manhood; also of that rarer endurance, patience and determination of character. He looked after his live stock himself, spending hours of his leisure making and mending and cleaning coops, feeding the birds and rearing their chicks. More than once one of the dalesmen stopped to watch admiringly "that fine-built lad of the artist gentleman" hard at work cutting the autumn bracken on the steep brow of Daw Bank for winter bedding for his donkey.

As they grew older he and his brothers took an active part in the games of the dale. They had almost no acquaintances of their own social standing, but their strength and vigour were welcomed in the dale teams, both at football and cricket. Alfred was a great favourite. Here too he put all he knew into his play, and was a generous but difficult opponent, never beaten till the game was over. In later years the Ambleside football team, worthy opponent of some of the best Lancashire clubs, was never considered complete without the stalwart young artist.

Alfred was a real artist. Westmorland spoke to him; its sunlit dales, the hush and loneliness of the higher mountain valleys, the majesty of the hills, the beauty of dawn and sunset: these were voices known and loved by him, as by them all. But in

Alfred's heart there was also another voice that constantly spoke—why, or how, it would have been hard for him to say. It was the voice of religion. His father was a Churchman, but was not particularly interested at any rate in the outward observances of religion. Certainly the evangelical fervour of that day had not affected him. There was not much in common then between serious art and evangelicalism, a misfortune not entirely due to art. But even as a little boy in Brighton Alfred had several times slipped off all by himself to a church service, in answer to the voice. Through all his life it never left him.

Very soon after they settled in Langdale he began to teach in the little Sunday School, and he influenced the brother next in age to go with him. As with everything else, Alfred threw himself into the work, and when, in 1868, the family moved to Grasmere Rectory while their new home in Langdale was being built, the two brothers walked three miles each way over the hills Sunday by Sunday to take their classes.

As he grew older his influence over the young men of the dale became extraordinary, and the fact that he was not only their teacher but a "star" man in their cricket and football teams doubled his popularity. In and out of school he was always the centre of an admiring, happy crowd of youths. Perhaps the most marked evidence of his popularity was the fact that in those days, when temperance work was regarded as the fad of cranks and spoilsports, he was able to establish and maintain a strong temperance branch amongst the sturdy, sporting men of the dale.

Artist though he was, Alfred Tucker's religious instincts found their natural expression not in mysticism, but in the service of his fellow-men. Then, as always in his later life, the great motive of his service was human need. Not unnaturally this deeply rooted instinct coloured his artistic self-expression. While his father and brothers were more especially painters of nature, he soon showed a particular enjoyment and ability in depicting scenes of human interest, buildings and street-scenes. Even in Westmorland he always loved to bring the life of its picturesque farmsteads into his pictures. This bent in his art not infrequently took him away on sketching tours in other parts of the country, where he could find picturesque architecture and human activity.

In 1874 at the age of twenty-five he sent his first picture, "Homeless," to the Royal Academy, under the name of "A. Maile." It represented a mother and child, poor and ill-clothed, standing in the darkness of a desolate street, and was, perhaps quite unconsciously, the artistic expression of his deepest emotion. It was sent up with the usual forebodings and anxieties of a first attempt, and the young artist was not a little elated to find that it had been hung on the line and sold on the first day.

Two years later an event occurred as interesting to the dale and as important to Alfred Tucker's own life as his family's arrival eleven years before. Mr Sim, a retired London merchant, settled at Elterwater Hall in Langdale with his wife and seven daughters.

Mr Sim, a Quaker, had brought up his daughters in a very broad-minded way, and they were far more

vivacious and quite as adventurous as the Tucker boys. The intimacy between "The Monastery" and "The Nunnery"—as their homes were inevitably called—ripened very fast, and the somewhat quiet life of the Tuckers was enlivened by picnics, mountain-climbing expeditions, and, in the winter, moonlight skating on Elterwater Tarn in the company of the newly arrived "nuns" of the dale.

The Sims too were keenly interested in art, and Mr Sim discovered that he already had in his possession a picture by the eldest of the brothers, while his second daughter Josephine somewhat shyly showed to Alfred her Royal Academy catalogue for 1874, with a pencil mark for the picture of her choice against *808. A Midnight Scene in Leicester—Homeless, by A. Maile.*

Perhaps this discovery may have had something to do with it; anyhow in May 1877 Alfred and Josephine became engaged. This added a new incentive to work, and for the next eighteen months Tucker was busily engaged in adding to his already established reputation, spending weeks at a time in sketching tours in different parts of the country.

Two incidents occurred during this period, both of which showed the qualities of courage and determination that were characteristic of his whole life.

Walking one day on the hills with his brother's dog he interfered in a fight provoked by a quarrelsome sheep dog and drove the assailant off. The next day he was walking in the same direction when the sheep dog suddenly and unexpectedly rushed at him and bit him severely in the calf. The fear of hydrophobia was much more present in those days than it is to-day, but no chemist's shop or caustic

was at hand. Within sight was a cottage. Painfully he hobbled there and explained to the woman who came out what had happened. She was ironing and an iron was on the fire. Tucker waited till it was nearly red hot and then, setting his teeth, he deliberately burnt the wound through from side to side.

The other incident was a fell-climbing record in which Tucker took part with his four brothers and Mr Bell of Ambleside. In estimating this feat it must be remembered that there were none of the careful preparations in training and the supply of proper refreshment that are features of modern climbing records. It was a suddenly-resolved-on test of endurance, undertaken without special preparation. For refreshment they depended upon what they carried or could obtain in the normal way on the road. The incident is best described by Mr W. T. Palmer in his book, *In Lakeland Dales and Fells*: "The brothers Tucker left Elterwater one morning in June 1877 at 4.20 a.m., and reached the summit of Bow Fell in the remarkable time of one hour and forty minutes. Passing over the rough crags of Esk Hause they scaled Scawfell Pike by 8 a.m. and then began the long descent into Borrowdale and Keswick. The day now developed extreme heat, the thermometer reaching 80° in the shade. At 2 o'clock they were standing on the top of Skiddaw —a very fast performance, averaging four and a half miles per hour on the road, and just two on the fell. This speed was too good to last, and Helvellyn, some fifteen miles away over fairly even ground, took six hours to reach—but this period included refreshments.[1] Getting their second strength, the long

[1] Actually—tea and a bathe!

descent to Grasmere was soon reached—whence a couple of miles over Red Bank would have finished the route. But they elected to walk home by way of Rydal and Ambleside, and the record route received an addition of ten miles, Elterwater not being reached till 11.58 p.m. The total time was nineteen hours, thirty-eight minutes." The distance was sixty-five miles, and they had climbed the four highest peaks in England.

CHAPTER III

GREAT DECISIONS

1878–1890

In the autumn of 1878 Alfred Tucker went on a tour to Warwick and Oxford. His pictures were selling well, and the possibility of marriage was beginning to seem nearer at hand. But Oxford, that city of dreams and ideals, stirred more than his artistic instincts and filled him with questionings and unrest that changed his whole life.

Thirty years later Canon Christopher was still an influence on the undergraduate life of Oxford; in 1878 he was at the height of his power. He was the vicar of St Aldate's, Oxford, and in addition to his parochial work he took the keenest interest in varsity life. Not only did he hold Bible-classes for undergraduates, but his house was a social centre of their life, and he made the needs of his parish a constant challenge to their spirit of service. Tucker had obtained introductions to several undergraduates, and owing to his personal charm and artistic ability had been admitted to various university circles. He was a regular attendant at Mr Christopher's Saturday evenings for varsity men, and a helper at the open-air services on Sunday evenings at the Martyrs' Memorial. Before long he had a district in Mr Christopher's parish, which he visited in his spare time.

The squalor of the slums of Oxford, in painful contrast to the beauty of its colleges and the culture and happiness of its scholastic life, deeply impressed the young artist with his passionate sense of human need, and questionings stirred within him as to whether the highest call to him was to devote his life to art. Common sense told him that he was twenty-nine, just making a success of his profession, and above all hoping shortly to be married, and that any other career was impossible—but his heart was not silenced.

When he came home to Langdale for Christmas, he told his fiancée what he had seen and done at Oxford. When he spoke of his friendship with Mr Christopher and of the work he had done with him, Josephine Sim was struck by the eagerness in his voice. Suddenly she asked him if he had ever thought of taking Holy Orders.

"Yes," he replied, "I have thought of it many times, but it is impossible."

"Why?"

"It would mean delaying our marriage at least three years. I should have to take a degree, and it would be unwise to be married as an undergraduate. No, it is out of the question."

There was silence for a few moments and then she said, "If what you have felt is a direct call to take up other work, nothing must stand in the way. We must wait."

Many times they talked it over, until at last, encouraged by Miss Sim's unselfish advice, Tucker determined to make an attempt to qualify for the calling of a clergyman. From his father and brothers the idea met with great opposition. His

father was proud of his son's artistic ability and regarded it as wrong that such talent should be neglected.

But Alfred Tucker's mind was made up, and backed by his fiancée he began immediately to plan his future, determining to support himself at the university by his art. He returned at once to Oxford and for nine months painted and studied by turns. He was still in the closest touch with Mr Christopher and also with university life through his many undergraduate friends, and was even invited to take part at any time in the practice games of the Varsity Rugby Union Football Club—an almost unprecedented compliment. But Tucker had not much time for games. He knew no Greek and had known little of the discipline of continuous book work since he was thirteen, and his time was spent between reading and painting for his living, what leisure he had being given to Mr Christopher's poor. But whatever he was doing, he was happy. One of his life-long friends who met him at this time writes:

> It was about the end of the seventies that I first saw Alfred Tucker in Oxford. He was sitting on a camp-stool in the "High" sketching the Laudian Gate of St Mary's. I made some excuse to speak to him. His frank and genial smile encouraged further advances and the attraction I felt towards him ripened into a friendship that lasted close on forty years.

In the autumn of 1879 he successfully matriculated and entered upon his career at Oxford as a non-collegiate. The next three years at Oxford passed much as the previous months had done, the time being divided between working for his

degree and painting for a living. He made many friends, especially among those whom he met at Mr Christopher's.

All the money saved to provide a home for his bride was spent, and often he was not far from his last few pounds. Then a picture had to be painted and sold—and fortunately they sold well: "the cruse of oil" his fiancée called it. One of his pictures, a black-and-white drawing of Christ Church, was hung in the Royal Academy. There were times when the pressure of things and the alteration of his plans brought a fit of depression, but it never lasted long. A long walk or a stiff pull on the river, and he was himself again.

During these years the interest first began to lay hold on him that afterwards became his life. There was considerable keenness at Oxford about missionary work, particularly in Africa. Twenty years before, Livingstone had made a special appeal to the universities, and the Universities' Mission to Central Africa had been the result. That interest had been fanned by the heroic tales of the first band that had gone out to Uganda, and Tucker's instinct of service responded to it. He had no thought as yet of going abroad, but he joined Bishop French's Society of Mission Associates.

In the autumn of 1881 he became attached to Christ Church, and in June 1882 he took his Pass degree. On account of his ability he was advised to stay for another year and take Honours, but he would not keep his fiancée waiting any longer, and he was anxious, too, to get to his work. On October 20th they were married and spent their honeymoon at Rouen and Caen.

On December 21st, 1882, Tucker was ordained deacon in Gloucester Cathedral to the curacy of St Andrew the Less, Clifton, under the Rev. E. P. Hathaway. As might have been expected, he threw himself heart and soul into parochial work. No part of it was neglected. His parish was for the most part a poor one, and soon Tucker's sturdy figure was known in and out of the houses. His cheery smile and good temper made many friends, but he was quite uncompromising where his convictions were concerned. He was still a great temperance advocate and was not infrequently to be found in a public-house, in keen argument with the publican as to the right or wrong of serving drink to an intoxicated man.

In January 1885 Mr Hathaway resigned, and Tucker left Clifton for the parish of St Nicholas, Durham, under the Rev. H. E. Fox, afterwards honorary secretary of the Church Missionary Society. This parish, like the former, was keenly missionary, but it was not till he had been a year in Durham that the question occurred to Tucker as to whether he ought himself to go abroad. His age, the fact that he was married, and that he had sacrificed a career under a deep sense of vocation to spiritual work in England, had kept his mind from thinking of any other sphere of work.

> Had anyone told me a few years ago [he wrote to Mr Hathaway in March 1886] that I should probably one day find myself contemplating missionary work, I should have been utterly incredulous.

But the years 1885–1886 were years when the heroism and romance of the Uganda mission were

only equalled by its calamitous disasters. Converts were being massacred in the bitter persecution of Mwanga; Mackay and Ashe were alone in Uganda; and then to crown all came the murder of Bishop Hannington on the border of Busoga.

It was just such a call as would stir Alfred Tucker's heart: lost causes and desperate odds had always appealed to him in games and work.

He wrote to Mr Hathaway, who then and for many years afterwards was his confidant and adviser in all his deepest concerns:

> I have it in my heart to offer myself to the C.M.S. and specially if God should make the way clear for service in Africa. . . . Interest in missionary work I have had for many years. . . . The events of the last few months in the missionary world and the death of Bishop Hannington have brought it to a culminating point. . . . The watchword "Africa for Christ" is ringing in my ears continually.

It was no light decision for Tucker and his brave wife to make. Already they had sacrificed three years of married life that he might respond to the call to the ministry, they had only been married three and a half years, and now they were prepared to be parted again that Tucker might go on a forlorn hope, which had cost the lives of most of his predecessors. Yet so keenly were they pressing on the path of service that they felt it almost a hardship to be prevented.

"If God as a trial of faith should keep me back," he wrote, "both my wife and I are ready to say 'Thy Will be done.'"

He was kept back. Having written to his father and mother as to his intentions he went over to Winder-

mere to see them and found, to his dismay, that his father had been severely shaken by the news.

My brothers told me [he writes] they honestly believed that the parting from me would bring about an utter breakdown of his health. I felt this was decisive and that it could not be God's will that I should proceed further. Surely God leadeth me strangely. . . . Still I would not willingly be without the teaching and discipline of the last few months. If God has a work for me to do in the mission field He will I doubt not make it plain and call me to it in His own good time.

Four years later the call came to him again. Events had moved rapidly in Africa: Bishop Parker, Hannington's successor, had died before reaching Uganda, Uganda itself was convulsed by plot and counterplot, and a ringing call had come from Mackay in his lonely exile at the south of the lake to send out reinforcements.

On January 13th, 1890, Tucker wrote to his old friend:

I think I told you how strongly Mackay's appeal has come home to me. I have been waiting and working quietly for the last four years, wondering if ever the question would be reopened. Of course the original difficulty—the health and objections of my father—still remains. But I feel that the first shock having been got over, the difficulty has in proportion grown less insurmountable.

By this time a baby boy had been born to the Tuckers, but none the less Tucker's heart was always hankering after Africa.

These bells of the old cathedral [he told his wife] have been sounding the Gospel for a thousand years, and I want to go and tell a people who have never heard. I have only one life to live and I am daily growing older.

He wrote therefore to Mr Eugene Stock at the Church Missionary Society to ask whether there was anything he could do for God in Africa. This letter, intended as an inquiry, was regarded as an offer and as such was eagerly accepted. After an interview in London, Tucker was asked to take the leadership of the party which had already started for Uganda, and which he would overtake at Mombasa. All his instincts of organization and initiative rose to this offer; and having obtained his father's consent, he accepted it. A letter to Mr Hathaway, telling of the offer, reveals how already he had made himself familiar with the situation and had grasped its essentials with that quickness that was afterwards such a mark of his statesmanship.

> I believe that humanly speaking the future spiritual welfare of Africa depends entirely on the use which is now made of the present opportunities. . . . Trade will rush in, I believe, at a tremendous rate and if Christianity does not precede it, woe to Africa.

He gives, too, an unusual and interesting reason for feeling the call to Africa: "God has given me physical strength beyond most men. At present I feel it is not being used to the uttermost." For twenty years he consecrated that strength to God with amazing success.

Meanwhile the question had been raised as to whether he was not the man to fill the vacancy caused two years before by the death of Bishop Parker.[1] His name was submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately accepted it.

[1] Alexander Mackay, the leader of the mission in Africa, was, of course, a layman.

Tucker was amazed and bewildered by the offer. He writes :

> I am humbled to the dust. I can only cry to God in what is little else than an agony of mind and soul, " Who and what am I that I should put my hand to this work."

A busy six weeks of preparation followed. Wife and baby were to be left behind.

> It will be manifestly impossible [he wrote] for her to attempt to accompany me on such an expedition. . . . She is therefore willing for the purpose of this expedition that she should remain here until its termination and then join me at Freretown.

It was perhaps easier for him that he did not know then that he was really saying good-bye to home life, except on his furloughs, for twenty years.

St Mark's Day, April 25th, was the day fixed for his consecration, and well before then his luggage had started on the boat for Africa. That morning he was consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Lambeth Parish Church, and the same night he waved farewell to his wife on the Dover packet and was off on his dash across Europe to join the boat at Brindisi. For the second time they had both ungrudgingly made a tremendous sacrifice in obedience to the call of God, this time to a perilous adventure.

It was the hour of Africa's desperate need. Fourteen years before to the very day on which Tucker was consecrated, Alexander Mackay had said farewell to the committee at Salisbury Square. For almost the whole of those fourteen years, without

one furlough, he had borne the burden of the leadership of the mission. Two months before, his gallant soul had slipped from his worn-out body in the grass-thatched hut at Usambiro, on the southern shore of the Great Lake.

CHAPTER IV

THE STORY OF UGANDA

1877–1890

ALTHOUGH the story of the beginning of Christianity in Uganda has often been told, it is necessary to give a brief account of the events which had led up to the situation which was awaiting Tucker.

On April 27th, 1876, the first band of eight missionaries sailed for Uganda in response to Stanley's appeal that had appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* six months before. Although the road to Uganda in later years and the railway to-day run direct from Mombasa through the highlands of Kikuyu, at that time this route was regarded as impossible because it passed through the territory of the warlike Masai, of whom the coast porters were in the deadliest fear. The only practicable road therefore was by the old slave route from the port of Saadani, opposite the island of Zanzibar, a tramp of eight hundred miles to the south end of the Great Lake, and thence by canoes up the lake—a perilous undertaking. This road lay through low, unhealthy country, barren in the dry weather, sodden and fever-haunted in the rains. Until the northern route was opened a terrible toll in life was paid for the road to Uganda.

In March 1877 four of the band of eight arrived on the shores of Lake Victoria. One had died on the way, and three, including Alexander Mackay, who

was afterwards to be the most famous of them all, had been invalided back to the coast. A month later one of the successful four succumbed to fever. Leaving O'Neill, the architect, at the south end of the lake, Lieutenant Shergold Smith, the leader, and the Rev. C. T. Wilson arrived in Mengo on June 30th, 1877.

They were given a royal welcome; it was the Baganda way, with no hint of what might lie behind. Their message was listened to and all seemed hopeful. Then a sudden blow fell. Shergold Smith had returned to the south of the lake to join O'Neill, and both were killed in a petty native quarrel on the island of Ukerewe. Wilson was left alone for twelve months, till in November 1878 Mackay reached Uganda.

For the next twelve years Mackay laboured for Uganda, without a furlough. His story has been told again and again. By his preaching and teaching, his counsel, his translation, his manual skill, he served Uganda. But he served her most by what he was, by his courage, his faithfulness, his goodness, his love of the Baganda. "Mackay, olé Musaja dala!" the astute old King Mtesa exclaimed one day: "Mackay, you are a man!"

In 1879 a band of reinforcements to the mission arrived by way of the Sudan, and also a number of French Roman Catholic missionaries. The coming of the latter was bitterly resented by Mackay, and it undoubtedly was provocative of many tragedies and misunderstandings. Already there was a Mohammedan faction at court, headed by the Arabs, and now there were three religious parties, each trying to denounce the other two. It was no wonder that

the cynical old king, who had at first taken very kindly to Mackay's teaching, decided under the influence of the queen-mother that he would have none of the foreign religions and would return to the heathen Lubare worship. But although Christianity was forbidden, there were many secret "readers."

In 1884 Mtesa died and was succeeded by his son Mwanga, a clever but unstable youth, whose sudden cruelties and ruthless persecutions gave him the character of a Nero in the eyes of the Christians of Uganda. "That pagan lout" Stanley calls him in a letter to Tucker, a description probably more accurate than most. At any rate in judging Mwanga it is important to remember that he was at least as much the victim of his circumstances as of his character. Mutefu, "the Gentle," he was called as a boy, and at any rate in comparison with his brother Kalema the title was not wholly undeserved. There was in him a simple, almost a childish, friendliness that made his ferocious outbursts all the more terrible.

He came to the throne as a young lad, to find four parties in the state: the old heathen party, the most numerous and sullenly resentful of change (the chiefs refused to substitute guns for their spears), the Mohammedan Arabs, the Roman Catholics, and the Protestants, each of them led by men older and abler than himself and each of them seeking to obtain his support.

In this game the Arabs for the moment held the trumps. In that very year, 1884, the European scramble for Africa began in earnest. The Arabs understood the ways of the white people, they hated them because they were the suppressors of the slave-trade, and they understood how to play upon the

feelings of Mwanga. The white men, they said, were plotting "to eat Uganda." Nor was there wanting evidence. The tale of Gordon's doings in the Sudan had reached Uganda in Mtesa's time and an expedition from him had visited Uganda; rumours were coming in of the ruthless operations of the Germans near the coast and of the Belgian advance up the Congo; while both French and English had stations at the south of the lake. From all sides Uganda was hemmed in and threatened. One cannot wonder that the Arabs were easily able to use all these facts to their advantage, or that the young king of a powerful and warlike African nation should have allowed his suspicions to be fanned into a flame. His hostility naturally turned against the white missionaries and their converts, culminating in a personal attack on Mackay and Ashe and in the burning of three of their converts on January 31st, 1885.

But the persecution had not the desired effect; it produced no hatred or resentment among the Christians, and in spite of stern orders to the contrary, large numbers came to Mackay, Ashe and O'Flaherty to be taught.

Meanwhile Bishop Hannington was on his way to Uganda as its first bishop and was coming by the healthier and shorter northern route, through Kikuyu and the Masai country. Wise and courageous as was the attempt to open this new route, under the circumstances it was unfortunate. It was by the north-east that the Arabs had prophesied that the white invader would come. Mackay was fully aware of this danger and sent warning letters to Hannington, but he had already left the coast and the letters were not forwarded. Another unfortunate incident

added to the danger. Relying on a letter from Hannington giving his plans, Mackay assured Mwanga that the bishop would arrive at Lower Kavirondo and cross the lake by boat, and would not come through Busoga, the neighbour state of Uganda, which was guarded by the chief Luba.

Unfortunately Hannington, ignorant of danger, changed his plans and pushed on with a handful of men into Busoga, where he was arrested by Luba. Mwanga's worst fears and suspicions were aroused; the Arabs were right and Mackay had deceived him. Yielding to the persuasion of his heathen chiefs he had the bishop put to death. Mackay and his fellow-missionaries only saved their lives by a present to the king.

It was a terrible blow to the mission, but considering all the circumstances—Mwanga's upbringing in a court that often literally swam in human blood, and the effect of the Arabs' suggestions—his action can hardly be wondered at. But the deed once committed, the memory of it haunted Mwanga with a continual fear of reprisals from the white people. At first he held his hand and for eight months the numbers of the Christians steadily increased, until in June 1886 they came into sharp collision with Mwanga and the Mohammedans by the refusal of some of the court pages to take part in the evil ways of the court.

Once again the Arabs played on the king's fears, warning him of the growing power of the white party in Uganda and the probability of retaliation. Again the king's alarm blazed out in sudden savagery. An order was issued that all Christians should be put to death, and Roman Catholics and Protestants alike

were murdered in hundreds, thirty of them being publicly burnt at Mengo.

But just as in Mtesa's reign the rising tide of Christianity had been checked by the queen-mother, so now it was the refusal of Mwanga's queen-mother to surrender her Christian servants that stayed the persecution. It is a significant revelation of the power of women in African life.

Meanwhile Ashe had left the country, and in the next year, 1887, Mwanga yielded to the Arabs and banished Mackay. He consented, however, to receive in his place a young missionary, Gordon, influenced no doubt by his being a namesake of the great general. Mackay took refuge at the south of the Great Lake and never again returned to Uganda, but by his translations and by means of messengers he was the strength and counsel of the Protestant party until his death. In 1888 Gordon was joined by Walker, who brought the sad news of the death by fever at the south of the lake of Bishop Parker, Hannington's successor.

Mwanga was now in a state of desperate anxiety and uneasiness. Not only was there the fear of reprisal for Hannington's murder, but his attempt to destroy Christianity had involved him in enmity with many of his own people. Besides, he had failed; the Christians were daily increasing and many of their number held important chieftainships. Like many another weak man, he determined to banish his fear by renewed ruthlessness. He made one of those royal progresses of death and destruction through his kingdom which had been a habit of his forefathers in the old heathen days, robbing and raiding the people and plundering the chiefs. At last he even turned his hand against the Moham-

medans, who, relying on their influence, were becoming insolent and aggressive.

Then Mwanga found himself without a friend. He made one last frantic effort to save his power and rally some of his subjects. He concocted a plot with the heathen party to maroon all "readers," Mohammedan and Christian, on an island in the lake and to leave them to starve while he re-established the heathen Lubare worship. The plot, however, was discovered, and a hasty resolve to rebel was made. Mwanga was defeated and fled, and Kiwewa, the king's elder brother, was chosen in his place. The old heathen chiefs were murdered, and the chieftainships were distributed among the Mohammedans and Christians.

This marks the beginning of a new epoch in Uganda. The king was no longer a power whom the various parties sought to win over to their side. The power lay in the chieftainships, and the history of the next few years is the history of the struggle between the various parties for that power. This it was that lay behind the subsequent strife between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, which was quite wrongly supposed to be merely a matter of religious bigotry; and this also produced the unique position and influence of the Christian Church in Uganda.

The alliance between the Mohammedans and Christians brought about by mutual danger was of short duration. The Mohammedans by a clever plot defeated and expelled the Christians, Gordon and Walker and the Roman Catholic missionaries barely escaping with their lives. After many adventures, in which they were constantly in danger, they made their way to the south of the lake. Gordon and Walker joined Mackay at Usambiro and the priests

went to the Roman Catholic Mission at Bukumbi, where they were shortly joined by the now penitent fugitive, Mwanga. The Baganda Christians, Roman Catholic and Protestant, took refuge in Ankole, a district to the west of the lake.

Kiwewa quickly fell out with the Mohammedans and was deposed in favour of his brother Kalema, whose hideous atrocities so alienated the common people that they fled in large numbers to join the Christians. The latter were soon emboldened to attempt a counter-move, and in April 1889 sent to Usukuma to offer to restore Mwanga, who now professed to be a Christian. At the same time they sought the advice of the missionaries.

Mackay was open in his advice to have nothing to do with Mwanga. This was perhaps natural, but Père Levinhac more astutely saw that consent was inevitable. How far Mackay's advice might have deterred the Protestants is uncertain had not a sudden attack by Kalema upon the exiled Christians forced their hand. Undoubtedly, however, it tended to throw Mwanga upon the French side in the later disputes.

For six months a vacillating war was waged between the Mohammedans under Kalema and the invading Christians. Mwanga actually occupied Mengo in October, but was again driven out.

Meanwhile, another important factor entered into the situation. An expedition of the British East Africa Company under Mr Jackson arrived on the east shore of the lake. Mwanga appealed for their help, and his appeal was warmly backed up by the Roman Catholic, Père Lourdel, Mwanga's adviser. We must remember that at this time the issue with Kalema was still in the balance.

Mr Jackson sent a vague reply, but with it one of the Company's flags as a guarantee of assistance. This Mwanga accepted, and Mr Jackson then went off for three months on an ivory-hunting expedition. During his absence his camp was visited by a German, Dr Carl Peters. Through the simplicity of the natives he got access to Jackson's correspondence and determined to steal a march on England by securing Uganda for Germany; accordingly he wrote to Mwanga and was invited to the country.

In February 1890 Kalema was finally defeated, and Mwanga entered Mengo in triumph. A fortnight before, Mackay had died of fever at Usambiro just as the time was ripe for him to return to Uganda to complete the work whose foundations he had so firmly laid in the dark days that were past. Now by the fortunes of war the Christians were the dominant element in the country. The Mohammedan chiefs, like the heathen, were dead or in flight, and all the chieftainships were redistributed among the Christians.

There was, however, an unhappy side to the situation. There had always been a certain rivalry and suspicion between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, but their alliance against a common enemy had kept it in bounds. Now that they were to divide power their differences were intensified. The missionaries saw this, and before the entry into Mengo bound their followers under the most solemn oaths not to fight.

Circumstances, however, were stronger than oaths, and the next two years saw a struggle for power that at one time blazed out into violence. But to term it a war of religious bigotry or one fostered by the missionaries on religious grounds is beside the mark. It was

a struggle between two parties for political power. Need we be surprised ? Was not the bitterest civil strife of our own country one in which religion and politics were inextricably mixed, and did it not last for over a century ? These Baganda Christians were but a few years removed from savagery, but even so their religious differences might have been settled without bloodshed had not that other factor at the moment entered into the situation—the European scramble for Africa. Henceforth the two parties were known as the Bafransa and the Ba-inglesa—the French party and the English party.

Mwanga had no sooner entered Mengo than Dr Carl Peters arrived, proposing a treaty with Germany that should bring Uganda under German influence. Mwanga consulted the French missionaries, who advised him to accept. It is not difficult to discern their motive, nor easy to find fault with it. They could see the dispute for power that lay ahead of the two parties. Not unnaturally they suspected that an English government would be partial to the English Protestant missionaries. Already they had been on excellent terms with the Germans at the south of the lake, and under their rule they would be sure of impartiality. True, they had joined in the appeal to the British East Africa Company a few months before, but they had met with but a feeble response. Then, both the Christian parties had been in a tight corner and ready for help from anywhere ; now—well, circumstances alter cases !

The Protestants refused to sign the treaty on the ground that Mwanga had already accepted the Company's flag, but at last, to save an outburst of violence, the English missionaries persuaded them to do so.

Hardly had Peters left when Jackson arrived with his companion, Gedge. He too had a treaty to propose, by which the Baganda should hand over all their taxes, and the king and chiefs be paid a sufficient allowance by the Company. Mwanga, on the advice of the French missionaries, refused this—and quite rightly. It is a striking comment on the whole behaviour of Europe in the African scramble that a powerful and independent kingdom should have had such terms offered to it. The Protestants, however, were so anxious for English protection that they were ready to accept.

At length, on the threat of both parties that they would leave the country, the treaty was withdrawn and Jackson departed to the coast with two native envoys to discover what was really to be the official future of Uganda, leaving Gedge in Mengo with the ammunition.

This was the situation to which Tucker was coming out. After a terrible struggle Christianity was in the ascendant only to have to face a danger worse than persecution : that of being divided into two bitterly hostile camps, whose rivalries over the political settlement of the land might easily ruin the spiritual structure of their faith. But, thank God, political jealousies did not preclude within the Church the growth of its spiritual life. On March 11th, 1890, the building of the first Christian church in Uganda was commenced.

At last [wrote Walker] some of the very poles of Buganda praise the Lord. The branches of palm-trees once were strewed for the honour of Jerusalem's King ; now palm-trees again lift up their slender stems to support a house to the glory of the same King.

CHAPTER V

THE BEGINNING OF THE ADVENTURE

1890

THE harbour at Aden lay stifling under the pitiless blaze of the Arabian sun. The passengers who had transferred from the P. & O. liner to the African coasting steamer were sitting about the saloon deck, waiting impatiently for the anchor to be weighed and to find themselves in the cooling breezes of the south-west monsoon. At three o'clock the captain came aboard, gave the passengers a general greeting as he ran his eye searchingly over them, and then turned impatiently towards the stern.

"I wish this blooming bishop would make haste and come on board," he exclaimed.

One of the passengers rose from his chair. "What bishop do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, Bishop Tucker, of course. Unless he makes haste we shan't be off before dark."

"Oh, I'm Bishop Tucker," was the reply. The captain stared in amazement at the thick-set figure of medium height in light tweed Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, whose rugged, heavily-moustached face, shaded under a Terai hat, was in utter contrast to his expectations. He muttered an apology, and seemed for the moment, as is the way of sea captains, to resent being put at a disadvantage, but the deep twinkle of the eyes under those shaggy brows soon

dissipated his last apprehension at carrying an episcopal passenger, and a warm friendship was established between them.

Ten days later they made the island-harbour of Mombasa, with the soft green of the palm-fringed coast of the mainland on one hand and on the other the flash and colour of one of Africa's most picturesque ports. As the ship dropped anchor Tucker felt a thrill of hope and adventure—Africa at last! Mombasa was the headquarters of the C.M.S. Mission, and presently a launch came alongside and Mr Bailey came on board with a welcome. But he had bad news. That very morning Cotter, one of the band of missionaries who were waiting under Douglas Hooper for the Bishop to lead them to Uganda, had died. A stab passed through Tucker's buoyant heart. Africa had struck at them—so soon!

Three weeks later Tucker again took ship to Zanzibar. It had been decided to travel by the southern route, and he had heard that Stokes, the great caravan leader, was already preparing a caravan for Uganda and would give the missionaries much help in getting porters. The *s.s. Juba* was notorious as a terrible roller, and Tucker's description of this and every voyage he took in her reveals that, whatever else he could endure cheerfully, a bad sea voyage was not included in the list.

Zanzibar appealed to his artistic sense, "a city rising fairy-like out of the sea," with its picturesque shipping, and its tortuous streets, the whole island "heavy with the scent of cloves." He spent a busy fortnight, crossed to Saadani on the mainland and arranged with Stokes to start on July 1st, and despatched through him a short letter of friendly greeting to Mwanga.

While he was there the news arrived of the Berlin treaty, which aimed at settling the European scramble for Africa. It gave delight to both C.M.S. and U.M.C.A. missionaries, for both Zanzibar and Uganda were to remain under British influence. But the tremendous importance of this to the tense situation in Uganda Tucker and his fellow-missionaries did not as yet realize.

The next three weeks in Mombasa were busily occupied with preparations for the journey: tents and mosquito-nets were got in order, loads packed, boys engaged. There was also the care of the mission at Mombasa, which was, of course, part of Tucker's great diocese. By the time of his final departure for Zanzibar on June 25th he had in six weeks covered the whole ground, seen every missionary except one in a distant station, held a conference of workers, ordained four deacons and two priests, and confirmed two hundred and seven candidates. On July 3rd he had an interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar, who, unasked, gave him a letter of recommendation to Mwanga.

On July 10th they crossed to the mainland in H.M.S. *Redbreast*, and found Stokes and two German officers encamped with two thousand five hundred Wanyamwezi porters. These men had come down from the interior, either as porters or in the wake of some caravan, in order to earn money by forming a caravan back to their own country. Three hundred Wasukuma porters (whose home was on the southern shores of Lake Victoria) were assigned to the Bishop's party.

Unfortunately the start was delayed for several days, during which Hill, one of the band of missionaries just arrived out, sickened with fever and

dysentery. He was taken back to Zanzibar, where he died on July 20th. The caravan started the next day, ignorant till a week later that already another of the little band had gone.

The monotony of a long caravan march is very wearisome and the handling of a large number of irresponsible porters calls for endless patience. Tucker describes the daily routine as follows :

At 4.30 a.m. there is the drum-beat which rouses the cooks, and preparations are made for breakfast. In the meanwhile packing goes on and at five o'clock breakfast is supposed to be ready—more often it was not. Then follows a short service, hymn and prayers. At a quarter to six everyone begins to move off. Loads have been shouldered, and with wild shouts the porters take their place behind the "kilongozi" (leader) who is generally decked out with feathered head-dress and a scarlet blanket. With beat of drum the march is commenced. It was always necessary for the Europeans of the party to start in good time, otherwise there was the difficulty of passing a thousand or two porters walking in Indian file. The only other alternative was to creep along behind them at two miles an hour.

Ten or twelve miles, generally speaking, was the limit of the day's march.[1] Usually camp was reached by us at about nine or ten o'clock. The porters would begin to make their appearance about eleven or twelve o'clock. Tents were pitched as soon as possible, and preparations commenced for the mid-day meal, which frequently did not make its appearance until three or four o'clock. The fact is, we made a great mistake in arranging for the whole party to mess together. We had only one cook with an assistant, and one huge kettle which took an hour or two to boil, instead of several small ones. The result was such a delay in the serving of meals that hunger and faintness were almost our daily lot. Our evening meal was supposed to be about sunset. Then came evening prayers with our boys.

[1] In Africa marching is only possible in the cool, early hours of the day.

From sunset till about nine o'clock was generally the noisiest time in camp. Sometimes a song with a chorus was indulged in. Then probably the head man would give directions for the next day's march. . . . Then every one listened for the sound of Stokes's drum. If it gave what is known as the " safari " beat, or the beat for the march on the morrow, there would be a responsive roar from two thousand throats, prolonged for two or three minutes.

Then gradually men composed themselves for sleep, and silence crept over the camp—a silence broken only by the ecstatic cry of some wretched bhang-smoker, or the howl of some wild beast seeking its prey.

It was a weird sight, the great camp at night, with its almost countless fires, and bright gleams of light and black shadows in telling contrast, the stacks of loads, the white tents, the moving forms of wild-looking men in every imaginable combination. Then almost imperceptibly movement ceasing, until at length the huge encampment was almost as still and silent and as weird as a city of the dead.

Their path lay at first through the long grass of the coastal plain that soaked them to the skin with its heavy dews, but later in the day gave them no shelter from the fierce sun. Then gradually they wound up, first over bare, burnt slopes and then higher to wooded hills, until they arrived at Mamboya, of which Tucker writes :

It is one of the loveliest spots on earth. We found ourselves in the midst of flowers and plants, which speak as only flowers can speak of England and English homes. Around were mountains grand in outline and beautiful in colour. Far away in the distance there rose line upon line, peak upon peak—hills and mountains in endless range. The sunsets at Mamboya I shall never forget.

Still higher the path climbed, five thousand three hundred feet over the Rubeho Pass to Mpwapwa,

where was a mission station with four missionaries. Here there was a halt of a few days; two of the missionaries were ordained priests, and twenty-five candidates confirmed.

Soon these pleasant hills were exchanged for a desolate and dreaded country, the first part of which was a bare sandy plain. It is the country of the Ugogo; with the exception of grotesque heaps of bare boulders the land is without shade and the wells are few and deep. The first night there was a raging storm of wind, which filled everything with dust and sand, but fortunately the next day was cloudy, and camp was reached without difficulty.

Beyond this barren plain lies the Mganda Mkali, a forest a hundred miles in width, more desolate than the plain, for where shade might be expected, its trees are leafless. There is no water and hardly a village. The porters' burdens have to be increased with extra provisions, yet marches must be longer. The road is littered with the bones of those who have found the burden or the pace too much—a grim warning and a dread spur. Nor is this all, for the Ruga-Ruga—the forest robbers—lie hidden in the bush ready to attack any stragglers. One day three men were speared and robbed, and a little later two German soldiers were killed in a village where they had sought food.

The fear of reprisals for this action roused the whole countryside. Moreover, the caravan was unfortunately divided; Stokes was some miles in the rear and there were only seventeen German soldiers with Tucker's party. They were soon surrounded by bands of armed Wanyamwezi who, if they had attacked, could have massacred them as they had

some Arabs a few days before. But, strangely enough, no attack was made. The next morning Stokes arrived and negotiated with the chiefs, and the danger was over. But the German officer in command warned the Bishop that he would no longer be responsible for his safety if he would persist in riding ahead of the caravan on the best donkey. It was a habit; to lead was with him an instinct. Besides which, he had an eye to a good camp well to windward of the porters!

At length, however, the forest was passed and once more all was plenty. On October 5th Usongo was reached, Stokes's goal and the home of the Wanyamwezi porters. Tucker and his Wasukuma pressed on, the Bishop hastening ahead with Dermott. At length, on October 17th, as they crested a hill there was a flash east and west as far as the eye could see. It was the Great Lake gleaming in the sunshine.

What the sudden sight of those great waters must mean to travellers who have faced eight hundred weary miles of parched and danger-ridden country is more easily imagined than described. To Tucker that sheet of water was hallowed by the romance of the past fifteen years and by the memory of those who had laid down their lives in the great adventure. He thought of them at that moment of his first long gaze across the lake.

There they were lying—Mackay, Parker, and Blackburn—just over the creek, westwards, and there eastwards, in a lonely resting-place lapped by the murmuring waters of the Great Lake, Smith, a simple and single-hearted missionary who had consecrated his medical skill to the service of the Master. But further still one's thoughts wandered—to Ukerewe, where Shergold Smith and O'Neill

laid down their lives, and whose graves "no man knows unto this day"—to Busoga where the lion-hearted Hannington fell, and in falling purchased the road to Uganda.

That night they camped by the lake and next morning crossed Jordan's Nullah, a creek that lay to the westward between them and the mission station at Usambiro. The crossing was made in a rotten dug-out that was barely kept afloat by constant baling. Two hours later they were being welcomed by Mr Deekes at the mission station.

All their toil seemed over. The rest of the journey up the lake would be a holiday after their daily tramping. But a disappointment was in store for them. Only a few days before, Walker had left for Uganda in the mission boat carrying a load of translations printed on Mackay's press. These translations had long been awaiting the return from Uganda of the boat which had been borrowed by Mr Gedge, the B.E.A. Company's representative, and as Walker and Deekes had last heard of the Bishop's party as less than half-way from the coast, Walker had not waited but had already departed for Uganda.

To Tucker and his companions this was a terrible disappointment. No canoes were available, and it meant at least a month's delay in reaching Uganda and a month's stay in what had proved to be a most fatal part of Africa. But there was no alternative, and the Bishop therefore decided to spend the time in visiting Nassa on the Speke Gulf on the south-east of the lake, to which it was hoped to move the C.M.S. station from the unhealthy neighbourhood of Usambiro. On the way he had his first experience of African fever. They had arranged to start early that morning, as a neighbouring chief had

threatened to hinder their departure unless they paid "hongo" (passage-money). With a temperature of a hundred and three degrees Tucker started, a blanket round his shoulders, but soon even his great strength gave out and he had to be carried into Nassa in a hammock. Coming back from Nassa Tucker and Hooper, having crossed Jordan's Nullah alone to get ahead of their boys, lost their way and were overtaken by nightfall. They plunged about for hours through the dense forest, keeping up a loud conversation to frighten off the wild beasts, whose growls they could occasionally hear. When at last they found a native willing to guide them, he dispelled their relief by suddenly exclaiming: "One of the white men died to-day." He could tell no more, and in anxious silence they followed him to the station. Their worst fears were confirmed. Hunt was dead, Dunn and Baskerville very ill, and Pilkington convalescent but desperately weak. The next day the latter had a relapse, and then Tucker was struck down. Meanwhile Dunn was sinking and when, half-conscious, the Bishop heard the strains of a funeral hymn he knew that another of his little band would not reach the goal.

It was a moment almost of despair. Would the boat never come? Were all their efforts to end, as with so many of their predecessors, in this fever-haunted spot?

In a few days Tucker was better but very weak, and almost blind. Another attack, and the Church in Uganda might again be for years without a bishop. There was no time to lose; hardly able to stand or see, he ordained Hooper and Dermott priests and Baskerville deacon.

At last the boat arrived and without delay they embarked, Tucker carried in a hammock. The lake air soon revived them, but progress was slow against prevailing head-winds. The Bishop's renewed spirits, chafing against the delay, nearly brought disaster on them all. He ordered the native captain to keep to his course in the open lake when he would have made for shelter. Suddenly the clouds rolled up and a line of foam raced across the water. Had not the sail split before the squall, the boat would have capsized, and their adventure would have ended in those storm-tossed waves.

On December 27th they arrived at Entebbe, the port of Uganda, and so to Mengo, where they were warmly welcomed by Walker and Gordon. At last a bishop had reached Uganda, but nearly blind and carried in a hammock!

CHAPTER VI

THE PEACEMAKERS

December 1890 to April 1891

UGANDA was in a parlous condition. Owing to the long-drawn-out war between the Mohammedans and the Christians the country was in a state of desolation, gardens were uncultivated, food was scarce, a cattle pest had taken almost all the beasts, and plague had decimated the people. Tucker began to realize this as soon as he arrived, for, sick as he was, he was unable to get milk until Captain Lugard, the new B.E.A. representative, sent him one of his own cows.

For the past six months, as described in a previous chapter, the Protestants and Roman Catholics had shared the power with ever-increasing suspicion of each other. They were only kept from an outbreak by the knowledge that, divided, they would be at the mercy of the Mohammedan faction, who in Bunyoro were only awaiting an opportunity to regain the capital.

Meanwhile, the Roman Catholics, who had the ear of the Kabaka (king), were in touch with Emin Pasha, the German explorer at the south-west of the lake, and were plotting to buy rifles in order to establish their position by force. They showed their confidence in their ascendancy by treating Mr Gedge, who was then the B.E.A. Company's representative, with extreme contempt.

Nine days before Bishop Tucker reached Uganda Captain Lugard had suddenly arrived in Mengo from the north-east, as the Company's new representative, sent with authority to make a treaty on their behalf. He had only a small force, about two hundred and seventy porters, fifty Sudanese soldiers, and a worn-out Maxim gun. His men carried rifles but there was very little ammunition, either for them or for the Maxim. Lugard, however, had two great assets. He was a strong personality who never lost heart or head in a crisis, and he had marched into Mengo and camped on Kampala Hill almost before the Baganda knew of his arrival. This attitude, and the belief that several boxes of beads he had brought with him contained ammunition, gave him a strong position. But his trump card was a copy of the Anglo-German treaty giving Britain sole right of influence in Uganda.

Immediately on his arrival Lugard presented a proposed treaty to Mwanga and for days the country was on the brink of war. Mwanga's old fear of British reprisals deepened, and the Roman Catholics and their missionaries, disappointed of their German hopes, supported him in a determined opposition, while the Protestant chiefs, who had hoped for the entire backing of Lugard, were disappointed at his determination to be fair to all parties. It was a desperate and delicate situation, but Lugard's tact and strength prevailed, and the day before Tucker arrived the treaty had been signed. But the trouble was not over. From that day Lugard found himself the centre of conflicting passions, the Roman Catholics and Mwanga resisting every effort to readjust the questions in which they had in the past months

wronged the Protestants, and the latter intensely disappointed that the turn of the wheel had not given them the opportunity of retaliation.

Moreover, Lugard's difficulty was increased because he did not know the language and in every matter the chiefs always consulted their missionaries. The Protestants, at any rate while Tucker was in the country, gave helpful advice; but the Roman Catholics held aloof, declaring themselves averse to politics, but still hoping against hope for German aid.

Dark as this picture is there was a brighter side. In spite of the suspicions and jealousies of newly acquired power, there was among the Baganda Christians a real spiritual life and a zeal for greater knowledge that had been strengthened by persecution, and in exile from their missionaries they had learned a measure of independence of spirit. Here was already the foundation of the great Church in Uganda.

This was the situation which Tucker found, and on the morrow of his arrival both aspects of it were brought home to him. It was a Sunday. Very early he was wakened by the murmur of voices and the tramping of many feet. The Christians were assembling for two hours of instruction before the first service of the day. Later in the morning when he stood in the reed-covered church addressing by interpreter his overflowing and eager congregation, suddenly there was the report of a gun. In a moment the service stopped. Arms were seized and the space outside the church was soon filled by the worshippers, ready to meet the expected Roman Catholic attack, when the news came that it was a false alarm.

What was needed at the moment was a strong and impartial administration that should be free from the rancour of all past differences and suspicions. It was fortunate that both in state and church such men were to hand as Lugard and Tucker. They were not always in agreement, but each had for the other the deepest admiration and respect.

On Monday, December 29th, Tucker was received by the King. It was a dramatic meeting between the Bishop and the despot who had murdered one of his predecessors and who had determined, had it not been for his untimely death, to resist the coming of the other. Mwanga, still a young man, was dressed in a white robe, with a European jacket and waistcoat. He received the visitors with friendliness and made numerous inquiries about their health and their journey. But the restless way in which he turned from one chief to the other, sometimes with a smile, then with a sudden knitting of his brows in a look of savage ferocity, betrayed his nervousness.

Three days later there was a sudden alarm. The rifles which had been left by Jackson with Gedge had been issued some time previously to the Christian chiefs in order to arm them against a possible Mohammedan attack. In the present tense circumstances Lugard thought it advisable to call them in and had issued orders to this effect. Immediately the Roman Catholics suspected a ruse to disarm them and put them at the mercy of the Protestants, and they armed themselves and gathered on the hill where the King's palace stood. Mengo was now an armed camp. To the south were the hills of Rubaga (the Roman Catholic headquarters) and the King's hill, crowded with armed men ready to

make an attack. North of them was the hill of Namirembe where the Protestants were preparing to defend themselves, while to the east of this was the hill of Kampala with Lugard's camp, the whole garrison armed but too weak to do more than protect themselves.

It was a moment which called for immediate action to avert disaster. Having obtained Lugard's permission, Tucker went across from Namirembe, accompanied by Gordon as interpreter, to see the King and the Bafransa chiefs. They passed fearlessly through noisy crowds of armed men to the King's house, where they found the King moody and depressed amid an excited court. Having learned of their suspicions, Tucker ridiculed the idea and offered as a guarantee of good faith that the Protestants should be the first to lay down arms. The suggestion was received in a deep silence, which broke in a few minutes into a babel of discussion, but at last Tucker was relieved to hear the Kimbugwe (the head Roman Catholic chief) give the order to lay down arms. The situation was saved.

One other great attempt Tucker made to bring peace to distracted Uganda, an attempt not so dangerous, but far more difficult. He invited Père Brad, the senior French Father, to talk things over with him. The greatest cause of friction was that constant cases of dispute between the parties were brought to Lugard, who had not knowledge of the facts adequate to deal with them. After a lengthy and difficult discussion it was decided to leave all questions of petty annoyances to be settled by the missionaries, and to refer to the King and Lugard the bigger matters, such as disputes about property.

But this conference came to nothing. The French priests disregarded it, and when Tucker left Uganda, ten days later, the Protestant missionaries openly dissociated themselves from it.

Then and subsequently Tucker was bitterly criticized for his "weak credulity and folly in supposing that there could be any honour or honesty of purpose in the French Fathers," and some even smiled at him as the dupe of Roman Catholic astuteness. Tucker did not defend himself on grounds of expediency or result but on fundamental moral principles, allegiance to which often brought him into deep waters, but always carried him safely through them. "There is no action of mine at this period," he writes, "to which I look back with more unalloyed satisfaction. It was an honest attempt to deal with one's fellow-Christians of another communion, in something of the spirit and teaching of our common Master."

But Tucker's primary concern was not politics; it was the shepherding of the little Church in Uganda. There were about two hundred members, but though baptized none had been confirmed. On January 18th, after daily preparation, seventy were presented for confirmation, among them being Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro (Prime Minister), and Nikodemo Sebwato, the Pokino, another important chief. To Tucker "in the still silence of the house of God, broken only by the rustle of the leaves of the banana-trees outside and within by the gentle tread of bare feet," it was a deeply moving occasion that he should be at last admitting into full and declared membership these men who had endured so much for their faith, who were still only a handful in the midst of a heathen and hostile multitude that might easily

kindle again the flame of persecution, and yet were the foundation of all that should be built up afterwards.

One quality of the Baganda Tucker immediately noticed. They were born teachers. He had brought up with him New Testaments in Swahili, which many Baganda could read, and whenever any one had mastered a passage he would immediately be found teaching it to a circle of listeners. In this instinct was surely the hope of the Church's future, and Tucker publicly selected six leading Christians, and set them apart as lay readers.

On January 22nd, four weeks after his arrival, the Bishop left Uganda. He had appointed a finance committee and a secretary among the missionaries, and had paid a final visit to the King to commend his people to his care. In some quarters he was criticized for leaving the country so soon. It must be remembered, however, in the first place that Uganda was then only a part of his diocese, and that he could make no permanent stay in it. Moreover, he quite rightly felt that, having reviewed the situation with the forces at his disposal, he must immediately return to England for further reinforcements. As events turned out it was indeed providential for Uganda that the summer of that year saw him again in England.

His last night in Uganda was spent on the lake shore waiting for a favourable wind. At the first flush of dawn he was astir for the boat.

All at once upon the stillness of the morning air there broke a sound which thrilled us through and through. It was the voice of one engaged apparently in earnest prayer. It came from a hut dimly visible through the

morning mists, in a banana plantation hard by. Then there came the voices of others as though in response, and then silence! In a moment or two more we heard similar sounds on the farther side. This was our farewell to the shores of Uganda.

The voyage down the lake in the mission boat was tedious owing to heavy winds, but it offered an opportunity for rest before the long tramp to the coast.

One day Tucker noticed on the deck some tusks of ivory, and on inquiry found that they were the property of the Swahili captain. How had he come by them? Tucker asked. The captain hedged, but Tucker pressed his question, and at last got the admission that they were in exchange for guns smuggled up the lake in the boat. "Smuggled!"—when the German officer at Bukoba had courteously refused to examine the mission boat on the way up as above suspicion. The Bishop was thoroughly indignant and promptly confiscated the ivory to be handed over to the German authorities when they reached Bukoba.

At last they reached Usambiro and the next day the villages round resounded with the deep "safari" beat of the drum, announcing that a caravan was starting for the coast. The villagers thronged round the drummer. "Who is going? Is it the white man? Is he kind? What will he pay?" In a couple of days the caravan was assembled and a start was made. Besides the paid porters there were many unpaid hangers-on, profiting by the white man's protection for a journey to the coast in search of a returning caravan.

The journey was for the most part uneventful.

One night, however, after an attempt to do an extra long march, darkness overtook the caravan in a treeless, waterless plain, where perforce they camped. It was an exposed place, open to attack, and when Tucker was wakened about midnight by a chorus of shrieks and yells he believed that the attack had come. Leaping out of bed, he felt in the dark for his boots. Crash! His tent rocked and nearly came down upon him. He groped for the door but missed it and became entangled in the disordered canvas and ropes. Suddenly the shrieks turned to peals of laughter. Thoroughly angry and bewildered Tucker shouted for his boy, who, when he appeared, could hardly speak for laughter. "Punda, bwana!" he spluttered. "Punda!" Tucker was amazed. "Punda!" (Donkey). What did the fellow mean, and why did he laugh? At last the story was told. Owing to the absence of trees the donkeys had been tethered to boxes. One of them, moving and finding the box following him, had been frightened and had stampeded the rest, waking the camp. The porters, thinking it was a charge of wild buffalo, had panicked. The discovery of their mistake and the sight of the bishop's tent charged by a donkey had turned them with African quickness from terror to amusement. "Greatly relieved," writes Tucker, "but not in the best of tempers, I turned in once more, but not to sleep."

Beyond the plain lay the country of the troublesome Wagogo, and as they drew near the village of Unyanguira, where they had had difficulty on the way up, there was considerable anxiety as to how they would fare. Nor was their apprehension unjustified, for as they approached, an armed warrior

stood at the spot where the track to the village joined the main road, and by a wave of his hand motioned the caravan to the village. As usual, Tucker was leading, and as he came up to the man who stood blocking the way, without a word or a moment's hesitation he turned aside, stepped round him and continued on the main path. The whole caravan followed, and the warrior, taken by surprise, gaped after them in amazement. Whether it was that Tucker's cool courage impressed the Wagogo, the caravan passed through the country unmolested.

The journey to the coast was very rapid, only occupying ten weeks as against the five and a half months of the up-country march.

At length, on April 1st—"Bahari! Bahari!" "The sea! The sea!" How they had longed for it! No more wearisome tramping, but at last—rest!

No sooner, however, had they arrived at Mombasa than a message came from Jilore, up the coast, that Mr and Mrs Edwards, the missionaries there, were ill with blackwater fever, and Tucker decided to take the opportunity of visiting the station by accompanying the doctor. After the sea voyage they had a not unadventurous tramp, losing their way in the forest and sheltering most of the night from a tropical downpour under an umbrella! How, next morning, they forded a flooded river alive with crocodiles is best described in Tucker's own words:

No one would lead the way. The river, it was pleaded, was swarming with crocodiles. "There is one!" was shouted as we reached the bank. And there, breasting the tide and apparently immovable, was the largest crocodile I had ever seen. We called for a rifle, but

before it could be brought the creature had disappeared. However, we fired in the hope of frightening it, or any others which might be in the neighbourhood.

We asked the natives to lead the way across the ford, which they knew well. One and all they flatly and promptly declined, shivering at the very thought. There was nothing for it but for us to go to the front, though knowing absolutely nothing about the ford. We were soon stripped, and with a stick in each hand—one with which to feel our way along the bottom, and the other to beat the water—we slowly advanced, the natives following closely behind. The water in places was up to our armpits. It was a strange procession! With our followers splashing and shouting with all their might we passed through in safety and reclothed ourselves on the farther bank. Half an hour later we were at the mission station.

The next day was spent in looking round the little station and in wondering how the workers survived the terrors of the coast mosquitoes, and then, taking the sick couple back to recuperate in the sea air, they reached Mombasa after a dreadful night of rolling and plunging in the teeth of the south-west monsoon.

Three weeks later Tucker stood on the deck of a home-bound steamer, watching fade from sight the low-lying coast of the land which for twelve months had been the scene of almost daily toil and adventure.

CHAPTER VII

CLAIMING A BLOOD DEBT

1891–1892

THE meetings which Tucker addressed on his return to England sent a wave of missionary enthusiasm through the country comparable to that aroused by David Livingstone thirty-two years before, and in a few weeks there were more than seventy offers of service.

Suddenly there came a stunning blow: the British East Africa Company had decided to withdraw from Uganda! Tucker realized, probably better than anyone in England, the tragedy which was involved in this decision; the chaos which would result in Uganda, the renewal of open hostilities which were even then only with great difficulty being held in check by Captain Lugard, the bitter hatred which would fall upon the heads of the Protestant chiefs and the English missionaries who had given their open support to the Company treaty, the almost certain restoration of Arab power with all the horrors of the slave-trade.

The directors admitted all this; but, after all, the Company was a business concern. So far dividends had been very small, while expenses were multiplying. Uganda had been occupied in confident expectation of government assistance in the making of the railway. Without that the resources of the country, great as they were, could only be brought to the

coast by the expensive and insecure method of porterage. That assistance was now refused. In view of the facts, therefore, the Company felt there was no alternative, and a message was sent to Captain Lugard to withdraw.

Tucker saw that if disaster was to be averted that message had somehow to be stopped, but letters to the press and appeals to government produced no result. Then at a country house in the Highlands he happened to meet Sir William Mackinnon, chairman of the Company. The whole matter was thrashed out. On the one hand was Tucker's unquestionable forecast of immediate disaster in Uganda, on the other the clear financial impossibility of the Company to hold on. Both men saw the other's point of view. Was there any way out? Suddenly Sir William Mackinnon exclaimed: "Look here! Uganda is costing us forty thousand pounds a year. Help us to raise thirty thousand and we will hold on for at least another year. If you will raise fifteen thousand, I will myself give ten thousand pounds and will try to raise another five thousand among my friends." It was a generous offer, and Tucker closed with it.

Ordinary Church Missionary Society money could not be used for this purpose, but a special appeal was issued and all Tucker's fire and enthusiasm went into it. On October 30th, at the annual meeting of the Gleaners' Union, the inner circle of the C.M.S. supporters, the whole situation was presented by the Bishop in an impassioned appeal. Eight thousand pounds was subscribed on the spot, and in a fortnight the whole fifteen thousand was forthcoming. A message was despatched, to be carried by special

runners to Uganda, countermanding the withdrawal. For a time at least Uganda had been saved.

Moreover, an opportunity had been created for rousing public opinion, for the imagination of the country had been caught by what the friends of Uganda had done to save her. Church Assemblies, Chambers of Commerce, Geographical Societies, public men of all kinds signed memorials and passed resolutions calling upon the government to take action. In all quarters was the underlying thought, stressed by Bishop Tucker, that England's honour was involved in the treaty made by the Company under a royal charter and in accordance with the findings of the Treaty of Berlin. The government was forced to reconsider the whole question, and from both Lord Salisbury and Mr Gladstone the Bishop obtained a promise that the matter should not be made a party question. It was an amazing victory of faith and idealism over the strongholds of material and political prudence.

On December 2nd, after six months of alternating hopes and anxieties,[1] Tucker left England to go overland to Naples to pick up the liner which was carrying out his first band of reinforcements. They arrived at Mombasa at the end of December, but, anxious as the Bishop was to get back to Uganda, the next few months had to be spent at the coast. The work there had to be supervised, and also he had to wait for a further band of reinforcements for Uganda expected in June. Besides his ordinary work at Mombasa and the building there of the hospital and new mission premises, he made two interesting tours.

The first of these was to the mission that had been

[1] He had spent only fourteen nights in his own home.

started seven years before at Chagga, on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. It involved a journey of some two hundred miles through the flat coastal plain and then up the wooded hills of Taita, ending with what was to Tucker's artistic mind a great event, his first view of mighty Kilimanjaro.

> It is almost impossible [he writes] to picture such a scene of exquisite beauty in mere words. The blue azure of the sky, the last mists of night still clinging to the hill-sides, the gradations of distance as the foreground merged itself into middle space and one lap after another of the great plain (alive with game of infinite variety) trended away into what looked like fairyland itself painted with the purest tints of silver grey and gold. The whole over-looked by the giant mass of Kilimanjaro itself, crowned with a glittering coronet of silver illumined by the rising sun.

The centre of the mission was at Mochi, in the territory assigned to Germany. The ruler of the country was a weak youth, and here, as in Uganda, the European scramble for Africa was complicating the problem of native policy. The Bishop did his best to assure the young king that he would find fair treatment at the hands of the Germans if he were loyal to them, but it was only a few months later that an outbreak of hostilities led to the withdrawal of the mission itself. The German governor found his prestige with the natives overshadowed by that of the missionaries. It was not unlike the state of affairs at that moment in Uganda, but the Germans dealt with it with an efficient ruthlessness that has always been an impossibility to the British. The German governor announced quite simply that German prestige must be made paramount—either

by the withdrawal of the British mission or by the use of machine-guns. Tucker had no choice but to withdraw the mission from Mochi to Taveta, inside the British boundary. That was later, in September. In February he was rejoicing in the baptism of the first two converts from that beautiful mountain land.

His other tour was to Jilore, about seventy miles up the coast. Two rescued slave girls had been handed over to the mission a few weeks before by the administrator at Mombasa. They were up-country girls, unused to the temptations of coast life, and the Bishop took them with him to Jilore to be trained in the peaceful surroundings of the mission station.

On the boat were a number of Somali chiefs returning from Zanzibar to their home in Kismayu. Suddenly a clamour broke out among the chiefs, accompanied by cries of alarm in a woman's voice. In a few minutes the representative of the British East Africa Company at Kismayu, who was on board, came to the Bishop and told him that one of the chiefs had recognized the elder girl as a slave who had been stolen from him. An inquiry was held and it seemed clear that the chief's claim was true. The girl, however, had been rescued from those who had stolen her and had in her possession her papers of freedom bearing the seal of the I.B.E.A. Company. No rights of former slavery could hold over her, and Tucker flatly refused to give her up. The Company representative was in an awkward position, for the chiefs seemed ready to knife him, but the Bishop refused point-blank his suggestion that the girl should go in his charge to Kismayu pending a settlement. He would only consent to sign a paper acknowledging that she was in his care in case of future proceedings,

and until both the girls were in Jilore he scarcely let them out of his sight. Of course no more was ever heard of the claim.

The journey back from Jilore was made overland, and Tucker was struck down by a severe attack of fever. Travelling by night he persevered in the march, but when he reached Freretown once more he was utterly worn out. In a letter a few days later to Mr Hathaway he wrote :

> Sometimes indeed I feel so weary that I long for a few days' rest. But as Bishop Bull was wont to say, "in I am and on I must." I have come to the conclusion that days of rest for me on earth are over.

At any rate he could no longer feel that his great strength was " not being used to the uttermost " for God.

Two weeks later an alarming message reached Mombasa from the interior that war had broken out in Uganda, that Ashe and another missionary were dead, and that, though the capital was still in the hands of the Company, Mwanga was collecting an army in Budu to attack it. To Tucker the worst part was his enforced inactivity, but nothing could be done but wait and pray. Fortunately in a few weeks better news arrived. None of the missionaries had been killed, and Mwanga was a fugitive in Budu. At any rate the English party were the victors.

Meanwhile the only detailed information that reached Europe and, through Europe, England, came from the pen of one of the Roman Catholic missionaries, who represented his party as the victims of the ferocity of the Company and the religious fanaticism of the Protestants. The English press made a violent

attack upon the Church Missionary Society party in Uganda, and a government inquiry was set on foot. All this was as gall to Tucker, who had no means of defending his colleagues. As a matter of fact, subsequent inquiry proved, in the words of Captain Lugard's official reply, "that it was the Catholic party who entirely and of purpose provoked the war," encouraged no doubt by rumours of the Company's withdrawal. The *casus belli* was the murder of a Protestant in Mengo and the insolent attitude adopted by the French party to Lugard's inquiries. Hostilities began by a sudden attack by the Roman Catholic chiefs upon the Protestants. The complete defeat of the attackers was accompanied by great slaughter, but the barbarities of savage warfare are the responsibility of those who provoke it. The other charge, that of a religious war provoked by Protestant bigotry, was also refuted by Lugard's report. "It was not a matter of *Catholics* and *Protestants*," he wrote, "but simply of those who would obey the administration and those who defied it."

After a time Mwanga escaped from the French party in Budu and returned to Mengo, where he joined the Protestant Church. A new treaty was entered into with the Company and the chieftainships were again redistributed, naturally much to the advantage of the Protestants.

Nothing of this was known to Tucker, but as a matter of fact, just as the first alarming message reached him, Mengo was settling down to a period of peace. In this new atmosphere of prosperity the Protestant Church grew rapidly. Two signs of this manifested themselves, the increasing passion for reading which issued in a positive fight to buy gospels

and reading portions when a supply of them arrived from the coast, and the opening on July 31st of a new church on Namirembe Hill, as the rapid increase in " hearers " had crowded out the old building.

Meanwhile the Bishop was making preparations for his journey to Uganda, which was to be by the northern route through the Masai country, the road which Hannington had purchased with his life. Its great advantage was that it was healthy.

All our great losses so far [he wrote] have been on the other road. I cannot help thinking that this one fact is a call from God for me to make the attempt to open up the new road.

In these days it is difficult to realize the great menace of disease to those early pioneers. Even in the past six months two more had succumbed to fever. Tucker felt the tragedy of it all the more that he saw in everything, success and tragedy alike, the deliberate hand of God.

It is all very mysterious [he wrote to Mr Hathaway]. " Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself " is the thought that rises to my lips. The field is so vast, the openings so many and men so few and yet one after another is taken. My constant prayer is that we may be enabled to learn the lesson God would teach. I am sure He has somewhat to say unto us. May He give us the receptive and understanding mind.

Another band of recruits was expected in June, and the Bishop hoped to start with at least eight new men, although the difficulty of getting porters made it improbable that they would start before the autumn. Meanwhile he was fully aware that, impatient as they were for that start, it would be a plunge into uncertainties.

True, after a heated debate on March 4th, a vote of twenty thousand pounds had been carried in Parliament for the Uganda railway, but the Company was definitely retiring on December 31st and as yet government had come to no decision about the future. Tucker felt that he could not lead his band of men forward blindly, he must get some indication of what would happen. On June 16th he wrote to Sir Gerald Portal, the brilliant young Consul-General of Zanzibar, asking him whether, in the event of the British government being unwilling to assume control of Uganda after December 31st, they would be willing for him to advise the Baganda Christians to invite German protection. Undesirable as this might be it was certainly preferable to anarchy and civil war. Three days later he received Lord Salisbury's reply cabled to Sir Gerald Portal. It was "that the Germans will certainly not be at liberty to undertake any occupation of the British sphere."

> This letter contained all that I wanted [Tucker writes]. It followed that in some way or other—*how* was a minor point—Great Britain would make herself responsible for the peace of the country.

At last the day of departure was fixed for September 26th. Five days earlier the Bishop was amazed to receive from Sir Gerald Portal this telegram:

> "I am directed by Her Majesty's Secretary of State to inform you that Her Majesty's Government, hearing that you are determined to start for Uganda, consider that you and your party proceed there on your own responsibility and at your own risk."

It was the old story of party politics. The Tories had been thrown out, Mr Gladstone was Prime Minister and Lord Rosebery Foreign Secretary, and the new government did not mean to be fettered by any of the responsibilities of the old one.

Tucker saw that it was more than a question of the personal safety of himself and his fellow missionaries. It was the whole future of Uganda that was involved, and this telegram was a straw in the wind of government opinion. Nothing should prevent him from starting out for Uganda, but before he left he would strike one more blow in that cause in which he had laboured so untiringly for the past year. His reply to Sir Gerald Portal was characteristic of him, fearless, but courteous, putting in the plainest terms as he saw it England's responsibility towards Uganda.

This disclaimer [he wrote] does not, in my opinion, relieve Her Majesty's government of responsibility. . . . Let me not be misunderstood. I deprecate in the very strongest terms the idea that missionaries, in penetrating into savage and uncivilized countries, should look for, or expect, aid and protection from their home government. . . . But if the missionaries have no right to compromise the home government, on the other hand the home government, I maintain, has no right to compromise the missionaries. And this, I submit, Her Majesty's government has done with respect to Uganda. . . . To tear up the treaties which have been signed, after having thus compromised the English missionaries and their adherents, and in the faith of which the latter were led to cast in their lot with the English Company; to break pledges given in the most solemn manner, to repudiate obligations entered into with deliberation and aforethought; and then to disclaim all responsibility for the consequences which must inevitably ensue, would be, to my mind, to adopt a course of action that I dare not at

the present moment trust myself to characterize, and one that I cannot believe would ever be sanctioned by any government of Her Majesty the Queen.

"Having thus delivered myself," he writes, "I felt immensely relieved."

Five days later he and his caravan crossed the creek to the mainland and started on the long trek by the new road to Uganda. The main danger of this northern route was that it passed through the country of the dreaded Masai, a nomad warrior people, but at any rate it was comparatively free from the fevers that had taken such heavy toll on the southern route. After the narrow coastal belt had been passed the land rose steadily to a height of nine thousand feet, from which it dropped only three thousand feet to the lake. There were, however, other difficulties that called for careful leadership, in some places a shortage of water and in others of food, but in everything Tucker took the most careful precautions. Especially did he look after the health and comfort of his young colleagues, profiting by the experience of his two previous journeys. One arrangement in particular he had made, and that was to divide his caravan into small messes, so that there was no longer that weary waiting at their halts for one huge kettle to boil, that had so tried them on the first journey. In the pursuit of game for food he himself always marched ahead of the caravan and, except in his company, no one else was allowed to leave the main body. To one young missionary, who on a subsequent journey was discovered for the second time evading this order, he delivered the peremptory ultimatum, "Now then—obedience, or the coast!"

After crossing the plain belt their way led up

through a foodless and waterless district where the path meandered with apparent aimlessness in every direction. It was tantalizing at the end of a day's climb up a hill, at the top of which was the coveted water, to see by the sun that they were walking in the opposite direction to the one they had lately been taking. But thorn bushes and scrub made short cuts impossible.

While they were resting after this weary march they were overtaken by the mail runners, who brought to Tucker a letter from Mr Berkeley at Mombasa to the effect that the government had offered aid to the I.B.E.A., in order to enable them to carry on for three months, till March 31st. Tucker's political sense gauged the situation. "The party for abandonment was evidently being let down gently."

They were as yet a great distance from the territory of the Masai, but it was not long before they had experience of their menace. Early the next morning two of the mail-men, who had passed them the day before, staggered bleeding into the camp, with the news that their companion had been killed and the mail stolen by a band of Masai warriors. A few hours later a similar story came from a spot a few miles farther on. This time it was a down-country mail. Evidently the Masai were on the war-path, and the frightened Swahili porters built a high boma of thorns and set a strong watch round every camp, and the Bishop reiterated his orders forbidding anyone to stray from the caravan. A few days later, on the banks of a river, they found a litter of skulls and bones and burnt camp material, where a Swahili caravan had been surprised and massacred.

Their way still lay through rocky, ill-watered

country until three hundred miles from the coast they entered the forests and downlands of Kikuyu, the home of the sturdy Wakamba, who in their forest haunts did not fear to resist even the fierce Masai. There food and water was in abundance. Kikuyu is still a famous big-game country, but those who go there now can hardly realize the immense profusion of game that met the gaze of those early travellers.

> The plains were alive with great herds of big game [Tucker writes]. Here were hartebeests, there wildebeests in great battalions stood gazing at us as we slowly passed on our way to Kikuyu. The Athi river was crossed, with its pools the haunts of hippos and its rocky banks the basking and browsing places of the rhino, several of which we saw dotted about here and there.

Meat, of which the porters were inordinately fond, was a commonplace of the daily menu.

The beauty of the country delighted Tucker and its invigorating climate was like a tonic.

> Kikuyu was like a Garden of Eden compared with some of the country through which we had lately passed. Flowers were to be gathered in handfuls—bracken, blackberries, wild strawberries, reminded one at every step of the homeland. . . . The nights were cold, but huge blazing fires at our tent-doors tempered the keenness of the air.

In this Garden of Eden the caravan halted to get strength for its final march of twenty-seven days through the Masai territory. Their country was not unfertile, but, as the Masai were not agriculturists, food was not obtainable. Besides the danger from the people themselves, there were other diffi-

culties in the way, for the great Rift Valley had to be traversed, a canyon fifteen hundred feet deep, and then the Mau mountains, nine thousand feet high, no easy task for coast-bred porters. But every difficulty was safely surmounted, and though on the first day the Masai warriors came to meet and question them with the magnificent effrontery of six foot manhood, the sight of their powerful caravan secured them an unhindered passage. Moreover, the Masai themselves, impoverished by cattle-disease, besieged the camp that night in order to exchange flour for donkeys, of which the caravan was sorely in need.

So they arrived at Kavirondo, a land of abundance, fruit and flour, beans and poultry, where a halt had to be made while the porters repleted themselves after their long abstinence. A simple, friendly people the natives were, the unblushing nudity of their welcome relieved by the gaudy dressing-gown and scarlet fez by which their chief was distinguished.

A few days later they reached Mumia's village and their hearts beat high with the stirrings of heroic romance. It was at this village that Hannington had left his caravan seven years before while he pushed on with a handful of men to Busoga, and it was here that his Kavirondo guide had brought back his spear-thrust body. Somewhere among those beehive huts of grass he lay. Mumia readily told Tucker the story of that tragedy, but of the remains he denied all knowledge. So did the guide when questioned before his chief, but when the Bishop had left them in anger the boy came plucking at his sleeve and led him to the spot. Only a bush in a little clearing among the huts marked the place, but Mumia readily

gave them permission to dig, "if they knew better than he did," and soon their spades revealed a broken box containing a skull, easily recognizable in contour, and the bones of a skeleton. Tucker determined to take them to Uganda to be buried in Mengo, the goal of that broken quest, and finding Mumia more than willing to be quit of any connection with that unpaid-for crime, he laid the remains in a tin-lined box covered with sweet-scented hay.

Now that they were nearing their goal, Tucker, like Hannington, was consumed with impatience and pushed on by forced marches with the other missionaries and forty picked men, that they might reach Mengo by Christmas. At the end of the first day they had reached the Ripon Falls, where the Nile leaves the Great Lake for its long journey to Egypt, and the next day they pushed on another eighteen miles.

> Of swamps there were not a few, mostly unbridged. Splash! Splash! we went through them—swamp or river; it was all the same to us. Nothing at this stage of our journey seemed a difficulty.

Now only a day separated them from Mengo, and not the spears of the Basoga, but gifts and greetings, and a letter of welcome from the Church Council met them in their camp that night. The next afternoon in a shower of rain they entered Mengo, Tucker riding on a horse sent by the Katikiro.

Great problems pressed upon him for solution, the political future of Uganda in relation to England and to the rival factions that threatened to rend her, the future of the Church in Uganda in regard to its

amazing growth and the fewness of those who could guide it. But once again he was amongst them, and already something more had been accomplished. The high road to Uganda had been won, the road for which the lion-hearted Hannington had so fearlessly paid the blood-price.

Three days later, on Christmas morning, Tucker stood up to preach by interpreter in the great square pulpit of the new church on the summit of Namirembe, the Hill of Peace. It was one of the great moments of his life. The building itself could only have been found in Uganda, and in Uganda there was none other like it. Before him was a forest of five hundred tree-trunks, supporting a great steeply pitched roof, lined with yellow reeds plaited horizontally with fibre in quaint pattern. The fierce African sunlight, which could only penetrate beneath the low eaves, flashed here and there on a pole or lit the shadow of the great roof with the golden gleam of its reeds. But far more than the strange mysteriousness of the building, the wonder of that throng held Tucker's imagination. Before he left Uganda nearly two years before he had been preaching to a thousand worshippers in the church; now, on the great earth floor before him and crowding out into the sunlight beyond the eaves, were five thousand men and women listening with rapt attention to his words.

The year closed with a memorable event. It had not been without consciousness of some risk that Tucker had brought Hannington's remains to Mengo. It was well known that Mwanga had never wholly lost his apprehensiveness of the consequences of that crime and that the enemies of the Protestants kept

alive in his mind that uncertainty. It was felt advisable to keep secret what had been done until Ashe had told the King and had assured him that with this burial the past would be buried and all be forgiven. Beyond expectation, Mwanga not only consented to the plan but expressed the desire to show his contrition by himself being present at the service.

It was the last day of the year. Once again the great church was thronged with over five thousand people, and this time in the front sat not only the King, but the Company's representative. The royal murderer of the first bishop was himself taking part in his burial. It seemed to Tucker to put a seal to the past, to clear the way to the future.

CHAPTER VIII

THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE

1893–1894

In the midst of the joy of his return to Uganda Tucker had met with one great disappointment. Out of the eight missionaries whom he had left behind him in 1891 four had been compelled by ill-health to return to the coast, and one had resigned.

This brought forcibly to his attention the great problem of the future of the Church in Uganda. Already it was growing rapidly, and the large number of "readers" promised an even greater advance, while missionaries were hard to get and harder to keep. Who was to shepherd the thousands in the Church and to administer the sacraments?

The only apparent solution lay in a native ministry. But what a venture! To ordain men but a few years removed from heathendom! Was it not to let down the whole standard of the Christian ministry? Tucker knew that there were many who thought so, more who would say so if the experiment were tried. Nor were their fears ungrounded. There would be grave risks of failure. But the decision must be made on grounds of right and wrong; risks were only a challenge to the utmost care in putting it into action. Looking back, however, over nearly forty years, during which the experiment has become a commonplace, it is not easy to realize the courage of that decision.

What were the essentials, Tucker asked himself, of the ministers of Christ in the circumstances in which they found themselves in Uganda at that moment? In answering the question he used a common-sense test. "I adopted the line," he writes, "of regarding that as essential which was possible." It was not possible in those earliest days of the Church's life to find men of learning and scholarship; it *was* possible for men to desire to devote their lives to the service of Christ, to be conscious of spiritual life within them, to be examples to their flock in their life and conduct. There were such men in Uganda, men who had proved their loyalty to their faith through fierce persecution, and in particular there were some whom two years before Tucker himself had appointed lay evangelists and who already knew their Bibles and something of Church order, and had proved themselves equal to their task.

Fortunately in coming to a decision Tucker had the help of the Lukiko, the Church Council which Mackay had formed in the dark days of 1885 when it seemed as if all the missionaries would be driven out of the country. This Council Tucker had found in being in 1890; he had urged the missionaries to strengthen and develop it, and give it a sense of responsibility.

Indeed, Tucker not only urged his colleagues to train native Christians in self-government, but he also held that the missionaries themselves should work within the lines of the native Church and not as a separate body outside.

Let the missionary [he wrote] throw in his lot absolutely with the natives, identifying himself as far as possible with their life, work and organization. Let him submit

himself to the laws and canons of their Church. . . . At last the missionary element will disappear altogether and the Church will stand alone.

It was a policy right ahead of his times, and for a period it set him in opposition on this point to his fellow-missionaries.

To the Church Council he brought the problem of a native ministry and explained what he thought should be done. They agreed, and submitted to him a list of fourteen names of those whom they thought fitted to be deacons. Tucker consulted the missionaries and chose seven, who were to be carefully trained for another five months before their ordination. A momentous decision had been made.

There was, however, a further problem which Tucker was called upon to solve. A few days after his arrival, Captain Williams, who had been left in charge by Lugard, explained to Tucker that the Roman Catholic chiefs at Budu were smarting under a sense of injustice. Tucker at first replied that the Bafransa were practically in rebellion. They refused to work for the king or pay taxes and also retained in Budu, against the king's will, his two nephews, who were heirs to the throne. However, as Williams still pressed him, Tucker promised to see the Protestant chiefs with a view to a new settlement. The chiefs agreed, but on two conditions: the king's nephews were to be returned, and the settlement was to be final.

"Alas!" writes Tucker, "I knew not the ways of Rome." For no sooner had their negotiations reached this stage than the French Bishop announced that the whole matter had been referred to the Vatican and was out of his hands.

On January 31st the great news arrived at Mengo that Sir Gerald Portal was on the way to Uganda to conduct a mission of inquiry for the government. The next month and a half were very busy, most of the Bishop's time being taken up in endless political conferences with the native chiefs. How he hated these political disputes! "I never saw a troop of chiefs and their followers," he writes, "coming up the road to my house without groaning aloud! Still, it was worth while. The end in view was peace, and at all costs that must be secured." But new advances to confer again with the Roman Catholics he declined, as there could be no point in attempting a settlement that would have to be reopened by Sir Gerald Portal.

Fortunately, however, the wearisomeness of the political situation was often relieved by its humorous side. Two such incidents Tucker related in letters to his old vicar, the Rev. H. E. Fox, then secretary of the C.M.S.

Last week I went with Mr Pilkington to see the queen-mother, who keeps up a good deal of royal state. I took the old lady a looking-glass, a piece of Pears' soap, a copy of the four Gospels and the Acts and a brass chain. She was delighted with them all. At the beginning of the interview I quite won her good graces. She was handling a beautiful copper knife—native make. Mr Pilkington drew my attention to it, and I said, "Mzuri sana"—"very beautiful." The old lady thought the remark was made concerning herself, and was immensely pleased in consequence. On leaving, when I had gone about a hundred yards, a man came running after me, to salute me for the queen—another hundred yards, and another man came full speed—and at length a third arrived with greetings. According to custom each one was sent back immediately with greetings to her majesty. It was all very amusing.

The other incident was concerned with Mwanga.

I had a visit from the king yesterday. He came to afternoon tea: and came on horseback. Of course all his followers are bound to keep up with him whether he trots or gallops. It so happened that he came galloping to my house, and got there before them. He greatly enjoyed seeing his men come in puffing and blowing and perspiring. The king was so excited that he could hardly hold his cup and saucer. One of his courtiers held the cup and saucer, and another the plate of biscuits. As he sipped his tea with a spoon he would occasionally give his cup-bearer a spoonful. He enjoyed the biscuits so much—Huntley and Palmer's Maizena Wafer Biscuits—that he asked whether I would give him the tinful. So when he left I was obliged to send the biscuits with him.

March 17th was a great day in Uganda. The coming of the Bishop had been an occasion for affection and welcome, but the arrival of the Consul-General, the representative of the Great White Queen beyond the seas, was an occasion for great pomp and tense excitement.

Messengers kept bringing to the King reports of Sir Gerald Portal's progress. At last the caravan was in sight, a white thread on a distant hill. Pages flew to and fro bearing greetings and presents, and finally the chiefs went forward about a mile to meet the approaching procession, their snow-white robes contrasting with the red bark-cloth of the watching peasants who packed the road-sides. On a horse sent by the King Sir Gerald Portal rode to meet them, followed by the officers of his staff, and for many minutes nothing could be heard but the boisterous greetings and congratulations of the Baganda.

The remainder of the month was spent by Sir

Gerald Portal in reviewing the whole situation, and his chief adviser in this matter was the Bishop, who expressed to him plainly the tragic consequences which must ensue if the British government did not assume control on the Company's withdrawal. It was plain to Tucker that Sir Gerald was in sympathy with his point of view, but it was not until a day or two before the end of the month that the latter announced his decision to assume control of the country in the name of the British government. At 12 o'clock on April 1st, with the garrison on parade and with a salute of trumpets, the Company's flag was lowered and the Union Jack run up in its place.

On the previous day, March 31st, another event had happened that was also a landmark in the history of Uganda and that had gladdened Tucker's heart. The question of slavery had often been debated amongst the Christian chiefs in Uganda. Mackay had been the first to raise it, when he pleaded with Mtesa that he should treat his fellow-men in a manner in keeping with the wonderful skill and care shown by God in the creation of their bodies.

An incident at this time again brought the matter to the fore. A slave-woman belonging to a Mohammedan chief had taken refuge with a Christian. Should she be restored? The Protestant chiefs consulted Tucker. "What," he asked, "is the law?" They told him, "By law, she should be restored." "Then you must obey it. But if it is a bad law, alter it." They asked him to advise them, and thirty chiefs sat with him in the church while he showed them how slavery could never be consistent with Christianity.

On March 31st they brought him the following declaration, signed and sealed :

> All we, the Protestant chiefs, desire to adopt these good customs of freedom. We hereby agree to untie and to free completely all our slaves. Here are our names as chiefs.

It was an advance on anything yet done in Africa. The Sultan of Zanzibar had, it is true, forbidden the slave-trade, but the status of slavery remained. It was with no little pride that Tucker sent this document to Portal. It was a proof of the reality of the Christian convictions of these men, the long-delayed fruit of Mackay's teaching and of the bitter persecutions.

Having officially annexed the country for Great Britain, Sir Gerald Portal turned immediately to the task of reconciling the disputing factions. In this he realized that the influence of the missionaries was paramount and that he must secure their co-operation, and he frankly appealed to Tucker, who readily promised his help. A week later, on April 7th, a conference was held with Mgr. Hirth, the French Bishop.

In regard to this conference Portal, like Lugard, declared Tucker's one aim to be to secure peace, "even at a sacrifice of some of the territorial possessions of the Protestant party." A district was granted to the Catholics that would give them access to the capital, and they were also granted the Sese Islands, on the condition of absolute freedom for all to use the canoes. On the question of the chieftainships, Portal proposed that the head men should be duplicated and that there should be both a Roman Catholic and a Protestant Katikiro (prime minister),

Mujasi (commander-in-chief), and Gabunga (admiral of the canoes). It seemed an unwieldy proposal but Tucker agreed, but only upon condition of the return of the young princes. After a long discussion with Portal the French Bishop yielded on this point.

The next step was to consult the chiefs, and many a conference did the Bishop hold with them. Their main objection was the double chieftainships. "Two katikiros! Then there must be two kings. Is the French Bishop the other king?" Portal quite saw their difficulties but felt there was no other way out, and at last Tucker won his way and the treaty was signed, on the clear understanding that this time it was final.

The dreary politics settled, the Bishop felt free to turn again to the Church's problems. Already the first out-station had been planted eastwards in Kyagwe and it had been determined to make a similar effort towards the west. The province of Singo, to the west of Mengo, had been one of the richest provinces of Uganda, but the Christian and Mohammedan wars had devastated the land. Already two missionaries had gone there and letters reached the Bishop begging him to come to see the promising work. The rainy season was on and the swamps were full, but Tucker thought nothing of that. He arrived in May and spent a few days selecting a site for the station, and then, with Pilkington, splashed his way back to Mengo, wading often up to his neck through swamps on a precarious footing of papyrus, clinging to the reeds with one hand and with the other vainly attempting to dash the clouds of furiously biting mosquitoes from his head, while the rain fell in torrents and lightning played incessantly.

His return to Mengo was marred by the tragic death of Sir Gerald Portal's brother from fever. On Trinity Sunday he was buried, immediately before the great ordination service, when four missionaries were ordained priests and six[1] Baganda deacons.

As one after another of our native brethren came forward to receive the laying on of hands [Tucker wrote] it was with difficulty that one could restrain one's emotion. These men, like some of the disciples in the early days of the Church, were "unlearned and ignorant," wise, however, in the things of God.

A great change had been wrought in Uganda in the five months since the Bishop had arrived. The uncertainty of British control had been ended, a permanent and official settlement had been made between the conflicting factions, the Church was firmly based on the foundation of a native ministry, while many matters of ecclesiastical and moral discipline had been settled; and the new missionaries had been got into harness and the work of expansion commenced.

The development of all this interesting work, Tucker realized, he must leave to others, for the rest of his vast diocese claimed his care and control. Once again that long and arduous journey must be undertaken—it was no wonder that Tucker won the affectionate title of "The Uganda Special"—and this time it must be by the old southern route with its fever-haunted swamps and waterless forests, for there were the stations at the south of the lake to be visited and the settlements on the old route.

[1] The Bishop had decided to delay for a time the ordination of one of those who had been chosen for ordination (see p. 85).

Three days after the ordination service the Bishop and Dr Baxter, one of the missionaries who had come up with him from the coast, started in canoes on the long voyage down the lake.

The weather was against them and more than once they had to seek for shelter under some island from the fierce head winds. Once a large part of the cargo of bananas had to be jettisoned from a canoe that "wanted to see the bottom," as the crew put it. It was a long pull that day and on into the darkness before land was sighted. Carefully they paddled, with a sharp look-out for hidden rocks and the still greater dangers of floating hippos.

Seventeen days on the water, four days at Nassa collecting porters, and then off on a record dash over the eight hundred miles to the coast, which was reached in six weeks, including visits to three mission stations.

The next two and a half months were spent in journeying between the coast and out-stations, but in the midst of it all Tucker found time to write an answer to a bitter attack that had been made in *The Times* upon the Protestant missionaries in regard to Sir Gerald Portal's negotiations. The attack was based largely upon the failure to understand that what seemed in England merely religious differences and problems were in Uganda almost entirely political questions. He dealt with the charges one by one in a letter whose self-restraint was all the more crushing. He concluded by pointing out the biased omissions of their critic :

> Your correspondent is silent with still less cause about the excellent work done by the medical branch of the Mission. . . . Many could have told him what was being done. The French bishop could have told him, for not

only he, but his people were freely attended (a sufficient answer, by the way, to the charge of religious bitterness which has been brought against the missionaries). The Resident (Captain Williams) could have told him, for he also shared the benefit. His own porters could have told him, for they too were among the doctor's patients.

I myself [he concludes] have stood by the graves of fifteen missionaries of the C.M.S. who have laid down their lives for the cause of Christ in Eastern Equatorial Africa. I will say nothing of those who survive, but that I believe them to be endued with the same martyr spirit. . . . The devotion which has led them to sever the ties of home and country, to leave the pleasures and lawful ambitions of civilized life, and to encounter the dangers, depression, and difficulties of a life in Darkest Africa, asks for no praise or compliments from men; but at least it might be spared the sinister criticism of those who are scarcely in a position to sit in judgment on them or their work.

On October 26th, just as the Bishop was starting up to Kilimanjaro and the Taita country, a telegram arrived from the Church Missionary Society summoning him home for the final discussion by the government of Portal's report. With twenty-four hours' notice he was on his way to England. On his arrival he was again submitted to wanton journalistic criticism, to the extent that the editor of the C.M.S. *Intelligencer* was driven to defend him in its columns:

It is easy for newspaper critics to count the number of months he has been in Africa, and the number in England, and the number on board steamships, since his consecration, and to make invidious remarks thereon. Perhaps if they would measure, with their own steps, the five thousand miles he has *walked* in Africa, they would change their tone. The real question is, What is most for the advantage of God's work?—and we are persuaded that as regards wise counsel, and as regards influence in obtaining offers of service, Bishop Tucker's presence in England just now will be of the greatest value.

Of course, the newspaper attacks were not an unmixed evil, for they gave Tucker a publicity which secured him very large audiences wherever he spoke throughout the country. Much of his time was spent in conferences on the future of Uganda, and it was with a great sense of relief and accomplishment that he heard on April 12th the government's decision to declare Uganda a British Protectorate. A letter written to Mr Hathaway on April 19th reveals his influence in the whole matter and the effectiveness of his presence in England at that moment:

I had an hour's interview with Lord Kimberley[1] at the Foreign Office yesterday. I am thankful to say that the plan which the government propose to adopt is the plan which I have all along advocated for the administration of the country. The plan is to rule through the chiefs. Then the national life will be preserved. . . . Lord Kimberley told me that the Duke of Norfolk had been to him with the object of getting further concessions from the Protestants in Uganda. I told Lord Kimberley that the treaty which I signed with the French Bishop was declared by Sir Gerald Portal to be final.[2] His Lordship said Sir Gerald had no authority to make such a statement, and even had it been made, it should have been in writing. Upon which I produced a letter from Sir Gerald in which he used these words: "As to the finality of this treaty I certainly look upon the whole thing as final. Indeed its finality is the sole reason for making it." Lord Kimberley was greatly taken aback when I read the letter to him and said, "Well, all I can say is that that statement of Sir Gerald was a gross act of imprudence." Of course he acknowledged its importance and asked to be allowed to copy it. Is it not strange that when I asked Sir Gerald to put that statement in writing, I seemed to see the moment of its use, as I saw it yesterday in the Foreign Office?

[1] The Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

[2] Sir Gerald Portal had died suddenly of typhoid in London in January of this year.

Besides all this political work Tucker went tirelessly from meeting to meeting. Two main themes were on his lips: one the necessity in Uganda of a native ministry and the other the appeal for more workers. Nor was it men only that he asked for; with his characteristic boldness he felt reasonably sure that the country was safe enough to try to send women up to Uganda. But they must be unmarried, and strong enough to make the difficult and tiring journey by road.

Meanwhile encouraging news from Uganda reached him that made him eager to be back in Africa. A great revival had swept through Mengo under the leadership of Pilkington, and the number of readers and catechumens had increased by leaps and bounds. In Singo the Rev. A. B. Fisher had adopted a plan of "synagogi" or "reading-houses" scattered about the country, each one a little centre of Christian missionary influence, and his plan had been taken up in all directions.

Out of this revival had come one thing that especially cheered Tucker, with his belief in the development of a native Church. A fund had been started by the Church Council for the entire maintenance of the native missionaries and teachers. It was a principle with Tucker, rigidly observed all through his episcopate, that native workers should be supported by the Africans themselves.

The Bishop's work in England was now finished, and it was with an eager heart that he landed once more at Mombasa on July 29th, 1894.

CHAPTER IX

FAMINE AND FEVER: TAKING ANOTHER RISK

1894–1895

THE next twelve months Bishop Tucker spent at the coast. They were busy months, spent in supervising the work at Mombasa, making a second visitation of all the out-stations and arranging detailed preparations for the journey up to Uganda in the summer of 1895, when he hoped to take up the first women missionaries. During most of the time he was never free from fever, but his energy of mind and body was unflagging. The good news from Uganda had acted as a tonic on the whole mission and every one was full of hope and expectation. It was a spirit after Tucker's own heart. "Give me men of hope," he wrote, "keep all others at home."

In October he found himself pressing on with a caravan along the southern route from Saadani. His objective was a station in the Usagara hills about two hundred miles from the coast, and he was in a hurry. While he had been waiting in Zanzibar he had begun a bout of fever and was anxious to reach the bracing air of the hills before it should get worse. Moreover a party of missionaries had left Saadani for Uganda a day or two before him and he hoped to catch them up. But it is always hard to make the African hurry, and in this case doubly so. It was the fiercest part of the hot weather,

just before the rains ; the air was stifling, the countryside was parched and leafless, and at every village loads were thrown down, and only by ceaseless energy and determination was the caravan kept moving. Worse than all, the country was in the grip of a terrible famine. Continually they met little groups of starving men making their way to the coast in search of food. The villages were often deserted except for women and children barely alive, nor was it possible to do anything to relieve them as there would be no possibility of replenishing the caravan's own supplies until they arrived at the coast again. At length the foothills were reached and the climb began, but fever had the Bishop in its grip again, and when he was only one day's march behind the Uganda party he collapsed. He sent on a messenger to ask Dr Baxter to come back to him, but doctored himself so efficiently meanwhile that the next morning he was afoot again, much to the surprise of the doctor, whom he met the following day.

At Mamboya there was rest and bracing air, but everywhere were the ravages of famine: schools empty, villages deserted or depopulated. A week later Tucker left for Mpwapwa, and at his first camp a somewhat amusing incident occurred. As he was getting ready for his bath he noticed a fine new sponge set out that he had never seen before. He called his servant.

"Where did this come from ?" he asked. "It is not mine."

"Yes, Bwana, it is yours."

"But I know better. Mine is old and worn. This is quite new."

For some time the boy persisted, but at length admitted that the old sponge had been put out to dry and had been blown away.

"Then where did you get this from?"

"It belong Bwana Wood,[1] Bwana. Me find it. Me think for you."

In Mpwapwa, and still more in Kisokwe, which lies in the always barren Ugogo country, the famine was even worse. Women were selling their children for food, and men were even eating the bodies of their dead comrades. At Mpwapwa Tucker's heart was stirred by the heroism of J. C. Price, who through ten years, with only one furlough, had faced persecution, warfare and famine, sharing with utter simplicity the life of the people amongst whom he worked. Tucker had planned to take him back to the coast and send him home on furlough, but not all his authority nor persuasion could avail. "How is it possible," was the answer, "for me to leave my people with this terrible famine upon them? How can I forsake them in the time of their distress? When the famine is over, I will come."

On his way back from Mpwapwa to Mamboya Tucker was travelling alone. The rainy season was approaching, and as evening came on it was evident that a thunderstorm was gathering. As soon as the evening meal was over all his porters and servants took refuge in a deserted village two miles off and left him alone in his tent on the hill-side.

The wind increased to a gale, and at eleven o'clock Tucker dressed. Rolling up his blankets in their waterproof cover he waited for what might happen. Fortunately he had fitted extra stays to his tent,

[1] Mr Wood was the missionary in charge at Mamboya.

for when in a few minutes the storm burst, the canvas flapped and the pole creaked and swayed. If the rain came the wind would drop, but at any moment the tent might be carried away, and to be exposed to the rain all night on the mountain-side would mean a chill that would almost certainly be fatal. Would the tent stand this first furious onslaught of the wind ? Seizing the tent mallet Tucker rushed out into the raging blackness. Right and left he drove at the pegs, blundering blows in the darkness but with all the force of his great strength. It was enough. The ropes held. Suddenly the rain came down in a deluge and the wind dropped. He was safe !

Early in the morning his men came, expressing their anxiety and their wonder at seeing him alive. " I took it for what it was worth," he writes, " words, words, words ! "

Now the rain set in, and from Mamboya to the coast it poured every day. On the slopes of the foothills every stream was a raging flood to be waded waist deep, and on the plains it was one continuous splash through water. Fever returned, and a day's march from Saadani Tucker could walk no farther. But he dare not stop to be nursed only by natives, he must go on. Fortunately he had a gallant little donkey that trotted sure-footed through the floods, and late that evening he arrived at the German post in Saadani drenched to the skin and shivering with fever. In ten minutes he was in a hot bath and then wrapped in blankets. But the fever had got hold of him and for three weeks he was nursed night and day in the Universities' Mission Hospital in Zanzibar, which he reached next day, " with a kindness which

I shall never forget and can never repay." Even when he got to Mombasa on December 22nd he had to remain convalescent in hospital for another fortnight.

January was a black month. Hardly was Tucker out of hospital than Mr Ward, the C.M.S. Labour Superintendent at Mombasa, was struck down with blackwater fever. The Bishop sat by the dying man holding his hand. There was a troubled look in his fevered eyes. "Bishop," he murmured, "my little ones! They have no mother. My people are poor." Ward had been a widower for nine years and his three children were in England. "I will do all I can for them," Tucker replied. "Have no fear for them."

A look of content came on the dying face and the eyes closed peacefully. No one who knew the Bishop doubted his word. By the next mail Tucker wrote to Mr Fox, of the C.M.S., and his old vicar Mr Hathaway, asking them to use their influence to get the children cared for. "I promised Ward on his death-bed to do my best," he wrote, "and he was comforted."

Then came worse news of the famine. Ill as he was when he reached Zanzibar, the Bishop had managed to send thirteen loads of corn for the Christians at the mission stations. He writes to Mr Fox about this and his letter shows how particular he always was as to the right spending of mission money: "Certainly they cannot be charged to the C.M.S. The sum is about thirteen pounds. If you think it would not be right to charge it to the Diocesan Fund (money given direct to Tucker for his diocese and of which Mr Fox was treasurer), "will

you kindly tell me so in your next—and I will either raise the amount specially or pay for it myself." He had also sent an appeal to the Consul at Zanzibar, in consequence of which relief was being officially organized. But the news was getting worse. "We have only two Christians left in the mission," Wood wrote; "the place is fast becoming a wilderness."

Suddenly came a fresh disaster. The rain was abundant and the young corn springing, when a plague of locusts swept the already starving land of every green leaf and blade. They swarmed even to Mombasa, crossing the harbour on the dead bodies of their drowned millions, stripping the island bare, only to meet their end in the open sea.

At the end of January came news that Price was dead of blackwater fever. Tucker felt terribly this heroic death.

> What [he wrote] is the valour of the V.C. compared with the heroism of a soldier of the Cross like J. C. Price? It is men like him who keep us from despairing of humanity. They live and die unknown and disregarded. The world knows them not. It matters not. They seek no earthly reward. They serve a Master whom they can trust.

In spite of weakness and bad news Tucker struggled on. "There is no one else to do the work, and it must be done." The most detailed preparations had to be taken in hand and supervised for the journey with the women missionaries to Uganda in July. As in the case of the native ministry in Uganda, Tucker knew that many thought he was taking too great a risk. "Probably you will have to bury one or another on the road," they had said. "What a terrible blow to the work if you arrived in Uganda

without any surviving!" Yes, it was a risk, but Tucker felt sure it should be taken. Nothing, however, should be left to chance. The main thing was to get them started from the unhealthy coast as soon as they arrived, and for that all must be in readiness.

In February he went for another journey up to Taita and Taveta, where he had moved the Kilimanjaro Mission from German territory in 1892. It was glorious country and he had a most interesting time, holding a palaver in the forest with the Taveta chiefs and securing their promise of a welcome to a woman missionary. But fever was still on him, until he began to doubt if he would have strength for the journey to Uganda. April, however, found him better, and another trip northwards through the Giriama country was accomplished without an attack of fever.

May brought him good news from England. The women missionaries had started for Africa, and the government had come to terms with the Company and would take over Mombasa into the Protectorate. They had also sent out the parts for a steamer on the lake, and had decided to build the railway as far as Kikuyu. On July 1st the government took over the Protectorate, and the Union Jack was hoisted at Mombasa, and on July 8th the party for Uganda arrived. On July 16th they started on their journey to Uganda. Everything had been prepared. The great caravan of five hundred porters had been divided in two, and the first part, carrying the stores for the mission at Uganda, had already started. They were to arrange food depots all along the route for the main party. In that second

caravan every missionary had his responsibility, arranged by the Bishop.

Mr Martin Hall has the work of looking after the putting up and taking down of the ladies' tents. Mr Wilson has charge of the donkeys, Mr Purvis has charge of the ladies' loads, Mr Wright has in hand the wood and water department, Mr Buckley sees that the men's tents are placed in proper order, and Doctors Baxter and Rattray have charge of the medical department.

Every detail had been arranged, and under strictest discipline it was carried out. The women rode on donkeys or were carried in chairs. The caravan was in good health, the weather was fine, and day after day passed without a hitch. For the first three days they had an escort of sixty Askari soldiers, for an Arab revolt which had broken out a month before was still smouldering, and the rebel Raschid was known to be moving not far from the coast. Nor was the precaution unnecessary, for on their second day they crossed the rebel's day-old track.

The passage of the waterless Taro desert was made easier by the new road which had now been made for two hundred miles, and soon they had reached the Wakamba country, where the women were the objects of the liveliest curiosity, and where, instead of crossing barren desert, the caravan had to splash for miles up foaming torrent beds. So they came to the game-infested uplands of Kikuyu, receiving at every station a royal welcome from missionaries and settlers and government officials. At this point the Bishop wrote that they were all in better health than they had been at the start. On the edge of the Great Rift Valley they met Pilkington and Baskerville on their way to the coast, and heard

with joy all that was happening in Uganda, and how eagerly they were awaited.

The foodless tract from Kikuyu to Kavirondo was always the most difficult part of the journey, as extra provisions had to be carried and marches were long. The rains, too, had begun, and the rivers were in flood, necessitating in one case a detour of thirty miles. One flooded river had to be crossed by means of a fallen tree, the women scrambling from branch to branch with great pluck and but little aid.

At the Eldoma Ravine, before they reached the summit of the Mau escarpment, a porter came into camp wounded and exhausted. He belonged to the advance caravan which, he declared, had been surprised by the Wanandi on the borders of Kavirondo, and slaughtered almost to a man. Later when they reached the Guaso Masai River they proved his story true, for the banks were strewn with broken cases and littered with books and papers, crucifixes and plaster images. The caravan had joined forces with one belonging to the Roman bishop and, encamped at night beside the river without the precaution of sentries, they had been easy victims. All the beads were gone, a serious loss, for they were the only means of purchasing food on the caravan's return journey.

It was at this stage of the journey that the Bishop's caravan began to experience its own troubles. They were crossing a foodless tract of country, and the porters in the usual African manner were too lazy to carry the extra provisions. They either ate them at once or threw them away, with the result that many were reduced to a state of complete exhaustion on the cold heights of the Mau Mountains.

However, the care of the doctors brought them all safely through, until almost at the end of the journey the only real disaster they suffered fell upon them. A terrible storm was threatening, and Tucker had urged them to make with all speed for their camp. He himself went ahead and got a fire going in a grass hut. Suddenly came the rain with such a rush that a flooded stream almost immediately divided the caravan in two. Fortunately when the women arrived drenched to the skin there was warmth and shelter for them and a hot drink. But the rear half did not reach camp that night and eleven porters died of exposure, most of them already weakened by their experiences on the Mau plateau.

The comparative safety of their journey had been emphasized again and again as they crossed the Masai country by the discovery of natives deserted and dying on the plain. These were porters from the caravan carrying up the first four hundred loads of the new lake steamer. Tucker wrote indignantly about it.

> Last Saturday I came upon an old encampment in which were three half-starved men lying—no food—no water—no fire—simply waiting with almost a sublime patience for death. If the remaining loads of the steamer are sent up at the same cost in life, it will indeed be a costly vessel.

Nor indeed did he see much prospect of the steamer being afloat for the next five years. Seventeen out of the four hundred loads had been thrown away into the bush, and he had even met a portion of the caravan returning to the coast. "A great mistake was made in not sending a European in charge of the caravan. No Englishman would have left men

to die on the road. Certainly I think some inquiry ought to be made."

The Bishop also found time to write an interesting letter to the Acting-Administrator at Mombasa, who had consulted him as to the question of the immediate abolition of slavery in the Protectorate. Once again he clearly saw the risks and difficulties, and discussed them frankly. It would mean fair compensation to the slave-owners and provision for the altered social and economic conditions that would follow the freeing of the slaves. But these difficulties were not insuperable.

> The question is more or less one of finance and energetic and wise government. Knowing what I do of the traffic up-country and slave life at the coast, I earnestly hope that no considerations of the expense involved or the labour entailed will be allowed to interfere for a moment with the adoption of a policy so righteous in itself, and which is likely to be so beneficent in its results.

At length Kavirondo was reached, and they marched again through a land of plenty. Then on into Busoga where almost daily they met Baganda friends, and so across the Nile to Uganda. At Ngogwe there was a tremendous welcome. "The Baganda women ran along by the sides of the women's chairs, grasping their hands and uttering all manner of joyful and loving greetings." But it was nothing to the amazing welcome which awaited them at Mengo.

> The ladies were embraced and hugged by Samwili's wife and sister and by many other Baganda women. The mass of the people was so great that it was difficult to get along—Mohammedan and heathen as well as Christian, both Protestant and Roman Catholic. The Katikiro,

who had just met us on his white horse, dismounted, and fearing lest I should be trampled under foot by the thronging crowd, led me by the hand. As we passed along in full view of Kampala, the officer in charge most courteously dipped the flag as a salutation. The atmosphere about me was almost suffocating and the perspiration most profuse. . . . I saw great crowds come together when Sir Gerald Portal entered Mengo, but they were nothing to the crowds which welcomed the first English ladies to set foot in the capital of Uganda.

CHAPTER X

A MISSIONARY CHURCH

1895–1896

In spite of all that he had heard it was hard for the Bishop to believe his eyes! In two years Uganda had become a different country under British control, with the peace and prosperity that it had brought. Gardens that years of war had wasted were now in full cultivation, most of the chiefs had two-storied brick houses, roads had been made, and swamps bridged and, in some cases, even drained. In the old days the war drums were booming all day long, and excited and restless crowds were always gathering. Now, except for the occasional signal of a chief's coming or going, the drums only beat to call people to the services or classes. In fact, the old interest in politics had given way to a new interest, which seemed to hold the whole nation: an interest in religion.

Two days after the Bishop's arrival he preached to six thousand men and women in the cathedral, two thousand of them seated round in the open air through lack of space. Every day the mission headquarters was thronged with hundreds of men and women seeking to have their names enrolled as candidates for baptism; books, especially Scriptures, were sold as fast as they could be printed. With the desire to learn there was almost as great an

eagerness to teach. Large numbers of young men were offering themselves as teachers. Already there were two hundred reading houses or "synagogi" full of learners established in the country, and in many cases churches had been built; and all this the result of African effort and African support. There was, of course, obvious danger. It was now the fashion to be a reader and a social privilege to be a Christian, and it was inevitable that there might be some actuated by lower motives whose profession of Christianity would bring scandal on the Church.

Two great tasks now awaited Tucker: the ordering of the life of the Church to meet the new conditions, and the personal visitation of the whole country in order to supervise the work at the out-stations and to open up new lands to the Gospel.

The first of these tasks he tackled immediately. Sixteen new missionaries had arrived in Uganda that year and the total was now twenty-three. The women and some of the men would work at Mengo; but the great need was for European supervision of the missionary work of the Church. Six new stations were added to the four already in existence, and in each of these were placed one or more Europeans. The next step was to draw up careful rules for the discipline of the Church. That these were no farce was shown by the excommunication, on the ground of open sin, of the Mukwenda, the great Protestant chief of Singo, and by the refusal of his old blind musician to eat with his great master.

> I will play for you because I am your servant [he said], but eat with you I will not, so long as you are excommunicated, and continue in your sins.

Thirdly, Tucker did all that he could to foster the spirit of self-support, which had been made a principle in the establishment of the native ministry and which had been gladly accepted by the Baganda. In a letter home he urged that nothing should be allowed to interfere with it.

With reference to outside help for the maintenance of the native teachers who are sent out to work in the country districts of Uganda, I may say that I have come unhesitatingly to the conclusion, first, that at present outside help is not needed; and secondly, that even if it were needed at the present moment, more strenuous exertions should be made to avoid the necessity of falling back upon a principle which has done so much in other parts of the world to retard the independence of the Native Church.

Having spent two months in conference on these matters, on December 12th Tucker started on his first pastoral journey to the mission stations eastwards in Busoga. Confirmations were held in most places, but the work in Busoga was most difficult. The Basoga had always been the victims of oppression by the Baganda and did not in their new religion follow their lead. Here, to be a Christian still meant persecution. Tucker's heart, however, was cheered by a visit to the islands in the north-east of the lake, where he found a great welcome. When rough weather forced them to take shelter at the heathen island of Buvuma, the inhabitants, like the islanders of old of another sea, "showed them not a little kindness"; and on the island of Bugaya, where there had been a Muganda evangelist, not only was there a church with two hundred worshippers, but the majority of these—superstitious as they were, with their disfigured faces and primitive grass dress

—had already learnt to read the "mateka," as the first reading-book was called.

On the way back to the mainland the Bishop and his companions had a curious adventure. With true African dilatoriness the rowers had refused to make haste, and the sun set with land barely visible on the horizon. By moonlight they paddled cautiously along, watching out for sunken rocks, occasionally driven to a spurt when a hippopotamus "blew" uncomfortably near the canoe. At last they found themselves among the rushes and had to splash over waterlogged papyrus through a veritable wall of mosquitoes. They had quite lost their bearings, and on reaching terra firma they advanced cautiously. Suddenly in the darkness two ghost-like figures loomed! A friendly shout was raised, and the figures vanished. Soon, however, a banana plantation was found and then a house, obviously inhabited, but barred fast. For a long while their shouts received no answer and then came a frightened query, "Are you spirits or are you men?" After their reassuring reply came whisperings and then the door was timidly opened and a trembling figure appeared. Soon they were lodged in the chief's quarters.

In Busoga Tucker found a message awaiting him that made him return hot-foot to Mengo. It was to the effect that Kasagama, king of Toro, had suddenly arrived in Mengo to see him. Before Tucker had left for Busoga news had come to the capital that there was trouble in Toro. There was romance about that far-away land in the west under the shadow of the great Ruwenzori mountain. As far back as 1890 one of the chiefs of Toro, of the royal house, who had been brought up in Uganda, had got two

Baganda Christians to come and teach his people, and the religion had been welcomed in the land even by King Kasagama and the Queen-Mother. Tucker had long been anxious to send them a missionary.

Lately, however, news had come of trouble between King Kasagama and the British officer in charge of the district, and an inquiry had been set on foot by the Commissioner. Now Kasagama had run away from his country to seek the aid of the Bishop in his cause. Two days after he received the message Tucker was back in Mengo and at once saw Kasagama, who poured out a tale of oppression and unjust charges. Tucker went to the Commissioner, who promised to send for the officer and hold an investigation.

Tucker also dealt with a difficulty in the Church. The rapid increase in the number of communicants in Uganda was creating a real difficulty, about which he had already written to Mr Fox—the supply of Communion wine. Uganda did not possess one vine and the wine had to be imported from England, an expensive proceeding. The Bishop had written in October :

> What is to be done ? The native Church is utterly unable to pay the cost of transport. All its available funds are used in the maintenance of its clergy, teachers and missionaries. Not a halfpenny of this can be diverted. Gradually I hope the necessary wine can be produced in this country.

So urgent was the claim of missionary work in Uganda that even the Diocesan Fund, he felt, should not be used for this purpose. By January the matter had become more acute and he took action in his usual resolute way.

Until wine can be sent to us [he wrote in January] I have sanctioned provisionally the use of native wine—made from the juice of bananas. I have no doubt in my own mind that I ought not to use the Diocesan Fund in this matter nor the offertories in church. They are being used in the evangelization of the country. . . . The Roman Catholics have not our difficulty as they, of course, refuse the cup to the laity.

In the middle of January the Bishop went on another tour to the Sese Islands. After the incessant tramping of most of his journeys a lake voyage was a great rest, and he appreciated its delights.

The fresh breezes—the dancing waters—the bird life, so free and full—the wonderful variety in the scenery—rocks and woods—rushes, reeds and all manner of creeping plants—the blowing of hippos and the sleeping, sliding crocodiles—are all sights and sounds delightfully refreshing to mind and body.

Of course, a lake voyage had always an element of danger, and on the last evening of his return they were again benighted on the lake and even ran aground on a sunken rock, though fortunately with no damage to their canoes. But in spite of the dangers Tucker's eye was held by the beauty of the full moon on the lake. Not even the warning cries of the steersman disturbed him as he busily sketched the other canoe, with its slender, upturned keel projecting well in front of the bows, its stem tapering up to a thin drawn-out point, its graceful outline and the rhythmically swinging bodies of its crew silhouetted in black against the moonlit water.

By February 3rd the Bishop was back in Mengo in time to take part with the Commissioner in the inquiry into Kasagama's conduct. The result was

a complete vindication of the king, who was afterwards publicly baptized in the Cathedral and set out again for his country, after securing the promise of a visit from Tucker.

At the end of March the Bishop started out to fulfil that promise and to visit on the way the new stations in the west. He took with him Fisher, who was in charge of one of these stations. In the next two months they tramped five hundred miles, mostly through endless swamps, a mass of mud and rotting vegetation, exhaling foul gases at almost every step. But nothing daunted the Bishop's spirits.

> The Bishop walked in and out of the swamps quite cheerfully [wrote Fisher] and had become so used to them that conversation was not interrupted until he sank into an elephant track, or the water reached his mouth. He never halted to change his mud-sodden garments, as there were other swamps to be faced.

All the difficulties of the journey were made worth while by the wonderful welcome which met them in Toro, crowds lining the roads, messengers running to and fro with greetings, and the king receiving them in royal state from his throne. Although no white man had been there, already there were many Christians and a church had been built. A few days later the Bishop took the first baptism in the Toro church; amongst those whom he baptized were the queen-mother and the king's wife.

It was with a very glad heart that he started back alone, leaving Fisher in charge of the work. The return journey was by a drier route, but there were still many swamps to be faced, and fifty miles from Mengo his boots seemed to be giving out. Some

amateur cobbling at a mission station with a hammer and a few tin-tacks saved the situation, and though he cast many an anxious eye at the boots as he drew them from the unwilling mud or heard them squelching with oozing water, they carried him safely back to Mengo.

On May 31st, Trinity Sunday, he held an ordination service at which the first Baganda priests were ordained and a further number of deacons. The strain and damp of the swamps and the great length of the service—five hours—brought on an acute attack of fever. "It was with aching head, aching back and aching limbs," he wrote, "that I pronounced the benediction."

But rest was impossible. Four days later he must start for the coast again. Not only had he been summoned to the Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops, but arrangements were already on foot to divide his great diocese, and that would mean his return to England in the new year. Meanwhile the rest of his diocese outside Uganda must be visited again before he left.

They were busy days of rush and bustle, taken up in packing and making final arrangements, nor were things helped by the crowds that besieged his house, not only chiefs and teachers and missionaries, but ordinary folk who wanted to see their Bishop again before he left.

The journey down the lake, interrupted only to hold a confirmation service for the Sese Islanders, was a chance of rest and quiet, but the remainder of the journey was marred by tragedies and almost ended in disaster. At the south end of the lake, that spot of fatal memories, they found Mr Nickisson,

the missionary in charge, dying of blackwater fever, and had to leave Rattray, their doctor companion, in his place. Near Mpwapwa, in a spot infested with lions, in spite of every precaution one of Mr Roscoe's boys was carried off and eaten from within a few yards of the Bishop's tent. He was a Christian and a great favourite and his death cast a gloom over the caravan. Beyond Mamboya, where he had suffered from fever before, Tucker was again struck down, but this time with dysentery, a far worse complaint. His supply of medicines soon ran out, and his only chance was to reach the coast. But he was helpless, and for six days he was carried by porters, now bumped against trees, sometimes even thrown to the ground by a stumble. More dead than alive he arrived at Zanzibar and once more was nursed back to health in the U.M.C.A. hospital.

Even there his convalescence was interrupted. The Sultan of Zanzibar had died in suspicious circumstances on the day of the Bishop's arrival and a usurper had seized the palace. One evening his nurse told the Bishop that the British ultimatum would expire in the morning and that he had better be moved to safer quarters in view of the bombardment by the fleet. He gives a vivid account of the incident.

> Covered up in a hammock, I was carried through the silent and deserted streets down to the shore, where a boat was waiting. It was a weird feeling that possessed me as we passed through the fleet in a silence broken only by the dip of the oars and the challenge of the watchful sentinels, to the *Nowshera* in the outer harbour.
>
> My bunk looked out on the land side of the ship, and it was with no little curiosity that I brought my glasses to bear on the Sultan's palace. The red flag was still there.

There was to be no surrender apparently. The palace clock struck nine—up went the signal and the "tongue of flame" shot forth. The old *Glasgow*, a man-of-war belonging to the Sultan, opened fire on the *St George*. In a moment came the reply, which struck the wooden ship at the water-line. A few minutes later she heeled over and went to the bottom. Forty minutes' play of the big guns was enough and down came the red flag.

As soon as he was fit he was moved to Mombasa, but there was no longer any question of work at the coast. He was invalided home and sailed on October 4th, after having welcomed a large party of reinforcements for the mission.

CHAPTER XI

CHAMPION OF THE CAPTIVE

1897–1898

THE next twelve months the Bishop spent in England. Fever and dysentery had taken heavy toll of his strength and the fever constantly recurred, sometimes incapacitating him from all work, and in the summer of 1897 making it necessary to postpone his intended return.

He put up with it very cheerfully, and in an amusing letter to Mr Fox describes in African terms a sudden bout of fever which had laid him low in the midst of some preaching engagements.

I am allowed by the doctor to sit up for an hour. I must send you therefore an account of my adventures since leaving the Hampstead escarpment last Wednesday. On the afternoon of that day I had an engagement at Twickenham. After breaking up the encampment on the escarpment I commenced at once to descend into the plains and valley of the Thames. All went well until my arrival at Richmond. I started at once for the river—found it bridged—a very good bridge indeed. After crossing, however, a feeling of sickness came on and great leg weariness. It was evident that fever was upon me. On arrival at the mission station (Westbourne House—G. Furness Smith) the cold chills were very pronounced, and after a vain attempt to eat some lunch I went to bed. I was greatly disappointed as some seventy native Christians (Gleaners) and three native clergy had assembled to hear an account of the work in Uganda. However, there was no help for it.

Much of Tucker's time was spent in discussions and arrangements for the division of his diocese and in the drawing up of its constitution. He devoted hours to the study of the constitution of other newly formed dioceses, Japan, New Zealand, Sierra Leone, and Western Equatorial Africa. He finally drew up a constitution, approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, embodying his own conviction that all members of the Church in the diocese, missionaries as well as natives, should come under the diocesan life and control.

Owing to the uncertainty of the situation in Uganda in 1890 and the extreme difficulty of communication Tucker had been made not only Bishop of his diocese, but absolute director of the mission and its policy. This was a departure from C.M.S. practice, which has always been to keep the control of the larger policy of its missions in the hands of the parent committee in London. The opportunity of the division of the diocese was taken to reconsider the Bishop's powers as director.

He was a strong man of decided views, some of which had from time to time been questioned by critics at home. Indeed, he had even been known to say that he regarded himself as " the captain on the bridge " and those at headquarters as " the men in the stokehole." There were some, too, who knew that they would be in disagreement with his ideas for the new diocesan constitution. However, after some months' discussion his powers as director were left unaltered.

In September startling news came to England of the revolt of Mwanga against British rule. The story has often been told in accounts of the Uganda Mission but it is necessary to give some short description of it.

It was, in fact, the final flare-up of the old reactionary forces against the progress of light and order in Uganda. There were various elements of discord. First, there were the Roman Catholic chiefs in Budu, still smarting, in spite of the government readjustment of territories, under a sense of being the worsted party. Then there were certain of the chiefs, such as the excommunicated Protestant chief of Singo, the Mukwenda, who resented the Christian discipline of life. Already there had been some disaffection amongst these chiefs which had led to the arrest of the Mukwenda and the Roman Catholic Kaima, but Gabrieli—the Catholic commander-in-chief, a born soldier, and the instigator of the disaffection—had escaped.

Meanwhile Mwanga himself, not unnaturally, was becoming more and more sulky and discontented. He was a Christian only in name and really hankered after the evil habits of the old days. Moreover, his power had dwindled to a mere shadow. As he is reported to have once said, "I have been a heathen king, a Roman Catholic king, and a Protestant king. Now I am a government official." A few months before he had got into disgrace through an attempt to smuggle some ivory through German territory and he had been condemned—with the consent of the chiefs at Mengo—to a very heavy fine and had been deprived of the remaining vestiges of independence. Moreover, he had been warned that he would be deposed for the next offence.

On July 6th he fled secretly from Mengo to Budu and raised the standard of revolt. The danger lay in the instinctive loyalty of the Baganda, not to Mwanga himself, but to the institution of the Kabaka. At

the first sign of a real success there would be a general uprising, for large numbers of the people were resentful of being set to work to build houses and make roads, instead of smoking their pipes all day as in the good, old-fashioned, heathen times.

Major Ternan, the acting-commissioner, with great promptitude immediately sent a force against Mwanga. After a stubborn fight the rebel army was broken, and Mwanga, who had escaped into German territory, was declared an outlaw. Fortunately, a year before an heir had at last been born to the king and his Protestant wife, and in accordance with Baganda custom he had been placed under the guardianship of the Protestant Katikiro, Apolo Kagwa. This little "Daudi Chwa" was solemnly enthroned as Kabaka in Mwanga's place, and for the moment the danger was over.

Amidst all the work, illness, and anxiety of these twelve months, the Bishop had had one constant happiness in the enjoyment once more of home life with his wife and their little son, Hathaway. By the end of October, much better in health, though not even then his old self, he started back for Uganda, little knowing that his beloved diocese was in the throes of a danger far greater than the abortive revolt of Mwanga. When he reached Mombasa on November 25th he heard—as he had in 1892—that Uganda was lost, while rumours were rife as to the fate of the missionaries.

What had really happened was the revolt of the Sudanese garrison in Busoga, a band of well-trained soldiers, who, having burnt their boats by the murder of three Englishmen captive in their hands, were defending themselves desperately at Luba's fort.

The seriousness of the situation was shown by the utter inability of the Bishop to get any porters for his journey to Uganda owing to their complete absorption by the government in the work of sending reinforcements up country.

Anxious though the Bishop was to get to Uganda, there was plenty to do at the coast stations, and an unexpected incident one morning made those few months of waiting one of the busiest times in Tucker's life. He had gone over to Mombasa and was standing talking to a friend outside the mission house. Suddenly up the street came running a young Swahili woman pursued by some men. Quick as thought the woman dashed behind Tucker's broad figure into the shelter of the mission doorway, crying for protection. The men made to seize her, but Tucker interposed, and with that manner that never met refusal ordered the men to wait down the street while he spoke to the girl. Piteously she told her tale. She was the slave of Sheik Uwe, one of the men pursuing her. He had treated her with great cruelty and had threatened to strangle her, and she feared for her life. Tucker did not hesitate, but opening the mission door put the girl in charge of the lady missionary there, and informed her master that if he called at nine o'clock the next morning he would know what the Bishop intended to do.

It was not the first time that Tucker had stood between a slave and her master, and threats and scowls were of no avail. But he knew that only by legal process could he continue to protect the girl, and all that evening he spent inquiring into the case. It seemed clear that the girl could claim her freedom on the ground of cruelty, but Tucker also believed

that she had been illegally enslaved. It was an opportunity of raising publicly the whole question of slavery in East Africa. During the past year special representations had been made by the C.M.S. to the government for the abolition of slavery in East Africa, but nothing had been decided. Here was an opportunity. Tucker immediately applied to the sub-commissioner for the freedom of the girl, Heri Karibu, and a lawsuit began which lasted three months.

It was indeed a unique case, for the Bishop himself acted as pleader in court on the girl's behalf. It was an unpopular advocacy in Mombasa and it is doubtful if he could have secured an advocate. But "as a matter of fact," he writes, "it was Hobson's choice. I had no funds at my disposal with which to employ counsel, and must needs act personally or allow the girl to be dragged back into slavery. The latter alternative was unthinkable." It is certain that no ordinary advocate would have taken the immense trouble which the Bishop gave to the case. Day after day he spent examining witnesses and searching the archives of the administration for all its decrees on the slave question.

> In the study of these latter [he wrote] I burnt the midnight oil until my dreams were of slaves, law-courts and judges. However, I mastered them till they were at my fingers' ends.

When the case came on, day after day Tucker crossed to Mombasa to attend the courts. It was a *cause célèbre* in the town and many were the scowls and muttered imprecations which greeted the champion of the slave on his way to and fro.

At the court there was an English judge with two

Mohammedan assessors to assist in the interpretation of the Sultan's decrees. It was strange to think that in a court presided over by an English judge it was a possibility that a slave might be sent back into a cruel bondage. Of course there were some who felt that this was not the work for a bishop, but Tucker in a letter to Mr Fox defended himself against that charge.

> When I was consecrated, the question was asked me, "Will you be merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people and *to all strangers destitute of help*?" I answered, "I will, by God's help." If there is a stranger destitute of help in this world it is this poor slave girl Heri Karibu —and the poor and needy people are her fellow-slaves.

The case dragged on and Tucker presented his arguments, but even when he left for Uganda at the end of March the decision had not been given. He wrote urgently to the C.M.S. asking that in case of an unfavourable decision they would appeal, if necessary even to Parliament, and was rejoiced to get their consent to this. It was, however, rendered unnecessary, for on one of the points of law raised the slave was declared free.

But in addition to all his legal work the Bishop was busy during those three months with visiting for the last time his old diocese. He had an especially interesting journey to Taveta in the Taita hills. For the first time he travelled by train, for the railway now reached to Voi, and the journey that used to take eight days was accomplished in eight hours.

> Binns and I [he writes] were soon engaged in the pleasant task of comparing the past with the present. "Look! there is the path along which we tramped when the scorching sun seemed intolerable, and the camp ever

so far off. And over yonder is the spot where we met the Waduruma, who told us that the Masai on the war-path were not far away, and you remember how ten of our men bolted leaving us in the lurch! And there are the Taro water-holes. How hard we found it to get water, and how filthy it was when it was got!"

Almost impossible to believe it ever happened as the train puffed comfortably and swiftly along!

On the march from Taita to Taveta, they encountered what might have been an unpleasant adventure. Having started very early, at dawn they found themselves on a plain swarming with herds of game—hartebeests, zebras, giraffes, buck—in such numbers as to make a sportsman's mouth water. But a long march lay before them through waterless country, and it would take them all their time to reach the appointed camp where they were to be met by porters with water from Taveta. There was no time for hunting. Suddenly the sight of a magnificent ostrich half a mile away scattered the Bishop's good resolutions to the winds. Carefully he stalked it from one ant-hill to another until at four hundred yards he shot it. Delightedly he secured its magnificent plumes, while the Wataita porters as eagerly cut out its leg-sinews for bow-strings.

But time had been lost and sunset found them still far from camp. Darkness fell, and as they stumbled along thirsty and tired they seemed to have lost their way. As a last resort the Bishop suggested that they should fire their guns as a signal. Almost immediately came an answering shot about half a mile away, and soon they were thankfully gulping down cups of tea by a blazing

fire. Tired as they were they could not sleep for the ceaseless howling of the hyenas all round them, and as the Bishop lay watching with his artistic eye "the wonderful tracery of the tree branches over our heads as they glowed in the light of our camp-fire," he was full of gratitude that they were not still thirstily wandering through the darkness of that beast-infested country.

Before the end of February they were back in Mombasa and busily engaged in preparations for the journey to the interior. Meanwhile had come from Uganda in January the tragic news of the irreparable loss of Pilkington, who had been shot in an attempted assault upon Luba's fort. Later came news that the Sudanese had abandoned the fort and had retreated to the marshes of Bukedi in the north, while Mwanga, who had escaped from the Germans, and had made an abortive attempt to raise the standard of revolt, had fled to the old rebel king Kabarega in Bunyoro. The country was once more accessible, and Millar, the Bishop's travelling companion, having arrived from England on March 16th, a start was made for Uganda on the 24th.

Although the railway had only reached Ngomeni and still left a tramp of five hundred and fifty miles to Uganda, it was a very great saving as it carried them across the hot coastal plain and the waterless Taro desert, and landed them on high and healthy ground.

They were only just in time for the train at Mombasa and many of the boys were pulled in after it had started. As it was, the Bishop's cook was left asleep on the platform and joined them

two days later. At several places on the march they met English officers, stranded for want of transport, who looked enviously and even greedily at the Bishop's caravan. But he was too important a personage for them to commandeer his porters! The journey was uneventfully successful and they arrived at Mengo on May 18th in a downpour of rain "like a couple of drowned rats," the Bishop's mackintosh having been stolen only the previous day while his tent was thronged with welcoming friends!

CHAPTER XII

BEARING THE LIGHT AFAR

1898–1899

It was with quite a new feeling that Tucker found himself in Uganda in 1898. No longer was it only a part, although the most interesting part, of his diocese, in which all he could hope for was a few months of supervision, organization and the discharge of the necessary episcopal functions of confirmation and ordination before he hurried back on his eight-hundred-mile trek to the rest of his charge. It was now his sole care, a compact, self-contained country, and he could devote all his thought and energy to the solution of its problems. Much as he had been able to do for Uganda in the past, it was in the next few years that the country felt the real impact of his personality.

The chief task that he saw awaiting the Church was its expansion into the surrounding countries, which were part of his new diocese and which he had always felt formed a natural unity, both geographically and from the point of view of language and customs. The idea of evangelization had all along been instinctive with the Baganda, and in almost every one of these countries native evangelists had made or were now making efforts to kindle the flame of Christianity ; but with the exception of Toro there had been no official acceptance of Christian teaching.

For the next three years the Bishop was in Uganda, and the greater part of the first two was spent in missionary journeys in all directions. We sometimes read admiring accounts of bishops making pilgrimages on foot among the villages of their English dioceses. It is not easy to appreciate fully the achievement of Bishop Tucker in covering, at the age of fifty, over two thousand miles on foot in two years through endless swamps and forests and weary stretches of head-high elephant grass, with rarely any better shelter than his tent; continually exposed to the fury of African storms, the dangers of attack by savage beasts and men and the frequent recurrence of that fever, whose germs his many marches between Uganda and the coast had sown in his system.

The year 1898 was a favourable time for undertaking seriously the work of expansion. True, there were still evidences of the recent troubles. Only a few days after the Bishop's arrival a party of Sudanese and Baganda mutineers were publicly executed in Mengo, while two days later he himself officiated at the burial of the bodies of the English officers killed in the mutiny. Gabrieli, too, the Roman Catholic outlaw chief, was still a constant menace to the provinces of Budu and Singo, but with Mwanga, Kabarega and the Sudanese all fugitives in Bukedi beyond the Nile, it was only a question of clearing up the remains of trouble. Meanwhile both country and Church were settling down again to their work of steady advance.

The Bishop's first objective was Toro, that romantic land in the west where he had received such a warm welcome two years before. This

country had been almost unaffected by the rebellion and the Church had grown apace, and there were urgent requests for a visit from the Bishop. This time his travelling companion was Dr A. R. Cook, who was anxious to do medical mission work.

The journey began with a typically African incident. As the way lay through Singo where Gabrieli still roamed at large, the Commissioner insisted, much against their will, that they should take an escort of Baganda. A dozen nondescript fellows they were, armed with muzzle-loaders. At the second camp they came to the Bishop to ask to be allowed to return to Mengo for powder, which they had forgotten! Highly amused, Tucker gave permission, with instructions to rejoin the caravan at a spot where they would be making a halt of two or three days. Faithfully they reported themselves, but to the inquiry if all was now right, they replied dolefully, "We have no bullets." They were cheerfully informed that it did not matter, and were appointed to look after the cows, which the Bishop always included in his caravan. This they did for the remaining days of their escort, receiving quite solemnly the daily thanks of Tucker for their protection!

A wonderful welcome met them in Toro, knots of Christians waiting on every hill-top, and at one place a young evangelist with a group of lads bursting out of a clump of long grass, all brimming with excitement. It was like the old days in Uganda; books were eagerly bought up, crowds were seeking baptism or confirmation, or offering to go as teachers to other countries. From Toro they had planned two further expeditions. The first

was to Katwe, a village five days' march south-west, on the shores of Lake Edward. Their way lay over the slopes of Ruwenzori, and nothing can equal Tucker's own description of this, as of everything he saw, for he saw it all with an artist's eye. He particularly delighted in the beauties of mountains and lakes, the loves of his youth in Westmorland. Of this journey he writes :

> At one moment we were climbing a steep hill-side, at another wending our way through sylvan glades in which the sunlight glinting upon the tree-trunks gilded them with a glory peculiarly its own, and startling in its vivid intensity. At another moment we were passing out into a blaze of sunshine in which butterflies were darting hither and thither, while the hum of bees, the chirrup of grasshoppers, and the cooing of doves made the air resonant with a sweet, low-toned music.

On one of the islands of the lake they found a chief blind with cataract, and on Dr Cook offering to cure him he promised that both he and his people would be taught. But in vain they waited for him the next morning, till a message came that he was unwell. So once more the medicine-men had their way.

Several times the caravan had to cross the glacier streams of Ruwenzori, ice-cold and swift, and at one of them occurred one of those incidents that try the patience of African travellers. They were walking through a sort of tunnel in the elephant grass when suddenly there came the sound of running water. "It is the river," Tucker exclaimed, "let us hurry. The men in front are sure to attempt to cross without proper precaution." But their haste was in vain. As they reached the bank, there in

mid-river was a porter, barely keeping his balance in the fierce current, while a specially-valued box of sketching materials and sketches was bobbing rapidly down-stream. Tucker was angry, and when he was angry the porters moved! A couple of search parties eventually recovered the box down-stream, little the worse for wear, and the sun rapidly put things almost right again.

At every opportunity when a halt was made, the Bishop's sketch book was in his hand, and his one regret was that, compelled by the climate to work only in black and white, he could not record all the wonderful shades of colour in the landscape. Nevertheless, even in that restricted medium, his pictures showed rare qualities of artistic perception and skill. Two pictures painted on this tour are reproduced in his book, *Eighteen Years in Uganda.* One is entitled "Boiling Springs in Toro." The centre of the picture is a mass of forest trees and dense undergrowth, beautifully drawn, and so balanced in light and shade as to appear deep and impenetrable, even against the background of a dark mountain rising steeply behind. Across the shadows of the trees floats an airy cloud of steam above the broken reflections of a troubled pool. The other picture is a view of Lake Edward, looking down a steep gorge falling to the lake side. Across the lake, shimmering in the noon-day heat, and mirrored in the wide sweep of its calm waters, frowns the great mass of Ruwenzori, cloud-wreathed and snow-capped.

When they returned to Toro and announced to the porters their intention to go north-west to Mboga, right beyond the Semliki river on the

borders of the Congo forest, the news was too much for the home-sick Baganda, and in spite of the Bishop's precautions in setting a guard over the disaffected, and warning them that they would be punished for breaking their contract, they melted away in driblets, and Tucker was forced to fill their places with the far inferior Batoro. The way lay now over the northern slopes of Ruwenzori, from which Tucker describes one of the most beautiful views of Central Africa.

> Some two thousand feet below us was the Semliki River, working its sinuous way in glittering glory through the valley which lay between us and the dark mass of the great forest which Stanley had so laboriously traversed a few short years before. Away northward, melting into the far distance, lay the waters of the Albert Nyanza, shimmering in white heat and pearly haze. Southward, the great buttresses of the mountain on which we stood shelved downward toward the river, which was fed not merely by the Edward Nyanza, but by those rushing streams which, in their headlong course down the mountain-side, filled the air with a melody which can only fitly be described in the familiar term "the sound of many waters."

It was no easy matter to make the passage of the Semliki river in leaky dug-outs, with crocodiles and hippos lying watching the ford until Tucker's rifle had driven them off. Soon they were nearing Mboga, and it was strange after travelling so many miles through a heathen country to find a band of eager Christian men and boys awaiting them.

Here again it was the old story. A chief of Mboga, hearing Christianity preached in the neighbouring kingdom of Toro, had made up his mind to carry it to his own people. The little church had

suffered recently from the bands of mutineers from the Belgian Congo, and the Christians had taken refuge in the long grass, but now all was peace again, and their joy seemed brimming over at having their Bishop with them to baptize and confirm them. Among those under instruction Tucker found two pygmies just over three feet in height, natives of the Congo forest.[1]

The Bishop was back in Mengo by the middle of September, and the next five months were spent in or near the capital. In February 1899 he made up his mind to visit Bunyoro, the kingdom of the outlaw Kabarega, for many years a land of unrest and strife. There was a new king there now, Kitaimba, one of Kabarega's sons, who had spent several years in Mengo. He had sent a piteous appeal to the Bishop. "Do you not think of my country? Do you not know that it is a very dark one?" Dark truly it was, with all the worst cruelties and superstitions of the old Lubare worship.

Bunyoro lies north-west of Mengo, and Tucker's way lay north along the Nile, on the east bank of which were the outlaw Sudanese. The crack of their rifles as they hunted game could frequently be heard, and at Kisalizi, where a halt was made, the mutineers had only a few weeks before besieged the English garrison, which they had ambushed outside the fort. For part of the way the Bishop marched with a Baganda escort (this time properly armed!) while a party of Indian soldiers marched parallel with them on the river bank to prevent an ambush. The stay at Kisalizi ended with a

[1] For the full story of work among the pygmies see *Apolo of the Pygmy Forest*, by A. B. Lloyd.

football match in the chief's enclosure in which Tucker captained one side, and Fisher, who was again his companion, the other. The standard of football did not reach that of the old Westmorland games, but the excitement of the players and the renown Tucker won by his prowess were, if anything, greater.

The next stop was Mruli, a fort on the Nile at which Gordon had once stayed and which had been in his day the southern outpost of the Sudan rule. As Tucker stood in the ruined fort his mind was stirred with thoughts of that noble Christian soldier's longings for the evangelization of Central Africa, to whose borders he had reached. How marvellously and swiftly his prayers had been answered, so much so that from that once heathen stronghold the light of the Gospel was now being carried up to this very spot on which he had prayed and would soon be borne into those regions of the Sudan from which he had come.

In Bunyoro the Bishop received a warm welcome from the king, and both he and the queen-sister were baptized, together with a number of readers. Fisher was left behind to develop the work, and Tucker set off alone on the return journey.

Three days later a string of porters might have been seen making their way in the teeth of a terrific storm. Most of them carried the normal loads, but four of them were bearing in an improvised hammock slung from a tent-pole what was clearly a big man, but nothing could be seen of him under the mackintosh cover which was lashed completely over him. That morning Tucker had started from camp on a twenty-mile march, but after two hours he had been struck

down by fever accompanied by a splitting head and furiously beating heart. Camping was impossible for there was no water and walking was out of the question. Quickly a substitute for a hammock was made out of a length of calico worn by one of the boys, and slung on the tent-pole it was strong enough for the purpose. The going was now inevitably slow, and after a pause for lunch they were overtaken by a fierce storm. With his riding cape lashed over him, and alternately burning and shivering with fever, Tucker was borne along, his bearers slipping and stumbling as they splashed over the flooded path, the constant crash of thunder drowning in the sick man's ears even the roar of the wind and the lashing of the rain on his covering. Continually to his aching brain came the one cry with which the porters urged each other on. "The *Muzungu* (the white man) is in danger and we must help him."

Darkness set in but still they plodded on until at length the banana gardens showed that a village was near. A few minutes later Tucker heard voices, and then the cessation of sounds of wind and rain told him he was under shelter. Quickly his lashings were undone, and with a murmured "Thank God!" he stumbled to a native bed by a blazing fire. If the porters who had left him unprotected on the hill-side three years before had given him nothing but "words," these men had served him to the uttermost with deeds. With deep thankfulness he realized that their faithfulness had saved his life. A night of quinine, hot tea and blankets, and the next afternoon he was fit for the three hours' march to the nearest mission station, and a few days later he was again in Mengo.

Only three weeks' rest, in spite of fever and his fifty years, and he was off again, this time to Koki, south-west beyond Budu.

Here too Christianity had come through a visit of the king to Mengo five years before, and his bringing back of four Baganda evangelists. Their work had soon won a great response, and the little church had grown until the setting up by Mwanga of the standard of revolt in Budu in 1897 had threatened it almost with extinction. It was a country sadly impoverished and unsettled by the war that the Bishop found.

An untoward incident happened on the way. He had travelled by lake to Budu, and landed on the coast in the midst of an attack of fever. His request for porters was met by the chief with a definite refusal, on the ground, so Tucker's servants informed him, that the chief "had received orders from the French priests to do nothing to help him or any Protestant missionary." Whether or not this was an exaggeration in order to express the natural antipathy of the Roman Catholic Budu chiefs towards the victorious Protestants from Mengo, it meant a great hardship for the Bishop and was a cruel act of inhospitality. No food being forthcoming for the porters, the baggage had to be left behind, and weak and ill Tucker painfully plodded across a sandy plain.

> The weariness of it! [he writes]. No words can fitly describe the absolute misery of it. Occasionally I crouched down under the shade of a small bush for a little rest. . . . At length, almost fainting from fatigue and exhaustion, I climbed the hill, on the crest of which was the little mission station of Kajuna.

But the weariness was soon forgotten in the joy of seeing how the little church in Koki had persisted in

spite of all it had suffered. Courage, perseverance, the refusal to be daunted—these were qualities that appealed to Tucker, and his own brave heart warmed to these faithful children in the faith.

> It was true there was no church . . . but the shelter of a half-burnt house—the shade of a piece of the *Kisakate* (fence) yet standing—the "greenery" of the banana plantation—it was all the same, wherever shelter from sun or rain was available, there was the gathering together of the two or three seekers after God.

On May 6th he was back in Mengo and five days later he witnessed the entry into the city of the royal outlaws, Mwanga and Kabarega, of whose capture in far-north Bukedi he had heard on his return journey through Budu. They entered under a fully-armed guard, the wounded Kabarega carried on a bed, and Mwanga on foot, hardly recognizable under the long beard of his exile. Once more the intense loyalty of the Baganda to their Kabaka was evident in the deep murmur of sympathy from the peasants who lined the road, and in their respectful greeting "*Otyana sebo?*" (How are you, sir?). Their capture, however, put an end to Uganda's troubles. Gabrieli had surrendered to the Germans, and the two kings were exiled to the Seychelles, where four years later Mwanga died.

In July the Bishop was afoot again, this time to Busoga in the east, where for so long Christianity had met with continual persecution. Up and down the country he went, visiting all the seven independent chiefs, and finally obtaining their promise of religious freedom in the land.

An amusing incident at the beginning of this tour reveals how implicit and unquestioning was the

obedience rendered by the Baganda porters to the white man, particularly when that white man was the Bishop. For the moment Tucker had forgotten that his watch was set by Uganda time, which is reckoned, not from midday, but from sunset to sunrise. Waking early he saw that it was six o'clock, and immediately ordered the gong to be struck to rouse the camp to prepare breakfast. The "boys" knew that it was midnight, but who were they to question the strange ways of the *muzungu*? Breakfast was cooked and eaten and the march begun before Tucker realized his mistake. The whole distance to Ngogwe, the next station, had now to be covered in one march, for they had not enough food to provide an extra meal that day, and they arrived at Ngogwe footsore and exhausted.

Two interesting events occurred on this journey, both of which shed a light upon the depths of heathenism among these people, next-door neighbours though they were to the enlightened Baganda. The first was a native feast to which the Bishop was invited by Luba. The chief and his visitors ate first, and when the word went round, "The Europeans have finished eating," the murmur of the waiting crowd grew into a hoarse roar. "Come," said the chief, "let us see them eat." Tucker vividly describes the scene in its unbridled savagery.

It was a sight not easily forgotten. Two or three thousand men and women were gathered on two sides. Three hundred baskets of food consisting of boiled bananas and the stewed flesh of a dozen bullocks, which had been killed in honour of our coming, had just been brought upon the scene. Word was brought to the chief that all was ready. "Let them eat," was the response. Then ensued such a scene as baffles all description. The

hot *matoke* (boiled bananas) was seized and crammed down the throat at lightning speed, then lumps of meat were laid hold of and torn to pieces with the teeth, and as greedily swallowed, without mastication and with imminent risk of choking. Here was the rib-bone of an ox with four men gnawing at it. Here the jaw-bone had three boys hanging on to it with their teeth. The sight altogether was too disgusting.

The other incident took place at an open-air service, at which the three hundred "wives" of the local chief were present. With eager faces and rapt attention they were listening to "the white man's words," when without a sound of warning the whole audience leapt to their feet and with every expression of terror darted this way and that, disappearing into their huts like startled rabbits into their burrows. The Bishop and the missionary who was preaching turned round, expecting to see some wild animal behind them. All they saw was the chief himself watching the terror of his disappearing women, with eyes lit with a savage but amused cruelty.

I do not know [writes Tucker] that any incident in the whole of my missionary experience has ever stirred and touched me more than the sight of that fleeing mass of womanhood, and I vowed then and there never to cease my efforts to bring to an end such a condition of things so degrading to woman, and so dishonouring to man.

September 1st found Tucker back again in Mengo, not a little exhausted after "the moist heat, the blazing sun and the dismal swamps of Busoga." But that year of journeying was to see another tour, perhaps the most adventurous and romantic of all. In November the Bishop set out, once more with Dr A. R. Cook, to visit Ankole on the shores of Lake

Edward. There was a romance about the visit, because in the far-off days of '88 when the Mohammedans had seized the power in Mengo, it was in Ankole that the Baganda Christians had found shelter, and ever since that time the Church Council had felt that they owed it to the land of their refuge to carry to it the light of Christianity. But the Lubare worship was strong in Ankole and already two efforts to establish Christian teachers there had failed.

The way lay through Budu and Koki, and Tucker rejoiced in the wind-swept uplands after the sweltering heat of the head-high elephant grass and swamps of the Uganda lowlands. In Koki they received a tumultuous welcome from bands of young men who rushed downhill at headlong speed with shouts of greeting. There, too, they found two young Christians eager to accompany them as evangelists to Ankole, and also a young slave set free by his Christian master, and anxious to return to Ankole, his native land.

They entered Ankole on St Andrew's Day, knowing that on that day in over two hundred churches in Uganda the Christians were praying for the spread of the gospel, and especially for this third attempt to enter Ankole.

For two days a palaver was held, Tucker and Cook facing a great assembly of the tall, light-coloured warriors, who squatted twenty deep on their haunches round the huge figure of their young king, Kahaya. Behind them hovered "the power behind the throne," the medicine-men, fantastically dressed with feathered headgear and jingling bells on legs and arms, disfigured with paint, and like every one

else smeared from head to foot with reeking, rancid butter.

The Banyankole listened in typical African silence to the white men's message, and then after much whispering replied through the Katikiro, the chief spokesman, that much as they would like Christian teachers there was hunger in the land and nothing wherewith to feed strangers.

"Oh!" broke in Andereya, one of the Koki evangelists, "we often in Koki have little to eat. Give us a few bananas every day and we shall be satisfied."

"There are none," said the king.

"A few potatoes then—they will do."

"Our potatoes have long been finished."

"Well then, you are herdsmen and have plenty of milk. A drink of milk morning and night and we shall be content."

"Alas! there is not enough for ourselves."

When this was interpreted, the Bishop could not contain himself and he broke in through his interpreter:

"Why, in Uganda they say that the king of Ankole has twenty thousand head of cattle, and if I go back and tell them that he is unable to give milk to two guests, they will surely say that it was a false report we heard of the country—Kahaya, the king, is only a very little chief after all!"

The shot told, and after much whispering the conference was adjourned till the next day, but even then it took three hours of the keenest argument before the king's consent was won.

After the palaver, when Dr Cook was tending the sick, a man was brought with a large tumour on his shoulder. Having heard of a similar operation in

Koki, the king asked Cook if he could put the man to sleep and remove the tumour, and an hour was fixed for the operation. When all was in readiness the patient was missing—much to the relief of the Bishop, who was to act as anæsthetist! But soon he could be seen on the opposite hill-side running and doubling like a hare with fifty men after him. In a few minutes he was brought in captive and helpless. "Now!" said the king. But to his disgust Cook refused to operate without the man's consent. Four years later when the Bishop again visited Ankole, this time with Dr J. H. Cook, this man was the first to come forward to ask for the operation, which was publicly and successfully performed.

Soon the time came for them to start for Toro, which they were to visit on their return journey. All had been settled in Ankole; even the little slave had found his father in the fourth greatest chief in the country.

On the way to Toro the Bishop once again found himself the champion of the slave, this time much to his own personal risk. They had just left a village when through the ripening corn of a field a woman came and threw herself at Tucker's feet. She was a woman of Busoga, kidnapped by Mohammedan traders and sold to a man in the village who cruelly treated her. Would they give her protection to Uganda and so home? Without hesitation Tucker consented, but soon her owner appeared, armed with a spear and demanding his property. Tucker bade him come on to Ibanda whither he was bound and where they should discuss the matter. The man consented, but at every village they passed he

reinforced himself with three or four spearmen, till a band of forty armed men was following the white men. At any moment the situation might have become awkward. Fortunately at Ibanda they found the chief of the man's own village and persuaded him to take both the slave and her master to the British Resident. This he did, and three weeks later they heard that the woman had been freed.

At the beginning of January 1900 the Bishop was back in Mengo, to find an urgent situation awaiting him.

CHAPTER XIII

CHURCH AND STATE AND HOME

1898–1901

THE times that Tucker spent in Mengo between his long tours during these two years of expansion were not merely opportunities of rest. Always he found waiting some question of internal development in the life of the Church, and his time was fully occupied with committees and organization.

In 1898 there was the question of education. From the start the Baganda had shown a natural aptitude for it, and a certain standard of education had been an accepted condition of baptism. The coming of women missionaries in 1895 had made possible the beginnings of organized education, and three district schools had been started for boys and girls. But what the Bishop had in view was nothing less than a system of primary education for the whole nation, and in 1898 there arrived, in the person of C. W. Hattersley, an educational expert who took this matter in hand. In order to rouse public opinion, the Bishop himself paid a visit to the national Lukiko, which was rapidly developing into a little Parliament, and urged the chiefs to respond to this effort. The result was that at the end of the first year over seven hundred children were enrolled in the schools.

Nor was this the only educational development,

for Tucker realized the value of that industrial education which Mackay had so well begun, and in 1895, when the country was beginning to settle down, this had been reorganized. In 1899 it was put into the hands of Mr Borup, a new industrial missionary, and rapidly developed in the direction of printing, black-smithing and carpentry. Here again the Bishop showed a statesmanlike outlook in a time when educational and even medical missions were still viewed with suspicion.

> If we take the term "evangelization" [he writes] to mean in its highest and I cannot but think its truest sense, that the good news of the Gospel has to do with mind and body, as well as soul, then the relationship of intellectual and physical training to the great end and object of all missionary effort becomes very apparent. The Gospel of Christ is for the whole man.

The most important work, however, which the Bishop had to perform in laying the foundations of his new diocese was to establish its constitution. He had brought out with him a draft constitution, but it was not till June 1899 that he submitted it to the Church, giving himself time by his itinerations to become perfectly familiar with the whole situation in the diocese.

It was a comprehensive and far-seeing constitution on lines well in advance of even the home Church at that time. It provided for a synod, a diocesan council, parochial and district councils, women's conferences, tribunals of appeal and reference, boards of education and missions and theology. There was one point, however, on which the Bishop knew that he would meet with opposition: the proposal that the European missionaries should be

included within the constitution of the Church in Uganda and come under its synod, and not merely stand outside in the relationship of leaders and advisers. It was entirely in keeping with his conception of the missionary's true attitude to his people, but it was a long way in advance of the usual missionary conception of that day.

The constitution was first laid before the conference of missionaries, and on this point Tucker found himself opposed by a very large majority. The discussion grew very warm, and one missionary unconsciously revealed the heart of his opposition by saying that he "began to doubt whether he were white or black"! The Bishop saw the impossibility of carrying his point and withdrew his draft constitution. Although the greater part was afterwards accepted by the conference and ratified by the Church Council, it was only accepted by Tucker as a temporary measure, pending a future reconsideration of the whole scheme. Enough had been carried to provide the machinery of diocesan life, but the new spirit which he had hoped to engender was still to come, and he must needs possess his soul in patience.

So far the Bishop had been planning and building for the work of the Church. On his return to Mengo from Ankole and Toro in January 1899, he found himself plunged, as he had been seven years before, into the problems of political settlement. The development of the country had made it necessary to revise the arrangements made by Sir Gerald Portal. Sir Harry Johnston had been appointed Special Commissioner, and had put before the Baganda his plans for dealing with the tenure and

development of land and for organizing national finance.

Immediately on the Bishop's arrival he was greeted by the chiefs with tales of woe: the government was taking their land from them, and they were absolutely ruined. Fortunately, Sir Harry Johnston was wise enough to welcome the mediation of the missionaries and advised the Baganda to consult with them, and for the next three months the Bishop's time was taken up in mastering the difficulties of the situation and in long conferences with the chiefs.

A treaty was finally signed on March 10th fixing the salary of the Kabaka and chiefs, dividing up the land into districts under chiefs for the purposes of administration and justice, and constituting a national Council of State. The division of land was also defined and the imposition of a hut tax of three rupees (four shillings at that time) was passed. A small but important point in the treaty was the abolition of two katikiros and the vesting of the office of Katikiro in the person of Apolo Kagwa.

While he felt that the treaty was a good one, the Bishop was not blind to its drawbacks. The introduction of the hut-tax had a complicated issue. It meant the introduction of the wage-system to a people who had merely lived by supplying their own wants. Now "money" had to be produced, and the result was a move to towns and more congested places where employment was obtainable and the making of money more possible. It also meant for a time an unwillingness to build huts, with the inevitable consequences of over-crowding, insanitary conditions, a lower marriage- and birth-rate, and an increase of

immorality. On the other hand, it meant a stimulus of the people into new life and energy. It was a sudden change, perhaps inevitable with the inrush of western trade, probably better introduced by taxation than by gradual economic pressure; but the Bishop was deeply thankful that in a measure the Baganda had been prepared by their Christian education and life to meet the temptations which the new conditions would inevitably bring.

Great as were the services which Tucker rendered to the Baganda in the organization of Church and State, it was especially in his personal relationship to them that he was "the father of his people," and in the simplicity of his home in Mengo that relationship was daily developed. Although many of the chiefs and most of the missionaries had brick houses, he still insisted on living in the same native-built house of reeds and mud that had been his home from the first. The rugged simplicity of his personality fitted well into the setting of bare walls and rough timber, with the rudely made table and chairs and book-shelves.

There the Baganda could always see him, and in a real sense they felt at home with him. Often when he might be sketching or reading, a chief would come with a problem to be settled, or a peasant with some sense of wrong. Tucker might not understand their story completely, he might often need the help of an interpreter; but once he understood the story they felt he would understand their hearts, and that they could depend upon his advice and help. He was never too busy for his "children" and he hardly ever forgot a face.

They sometimes came just to be with him, even

the women coming in and sitting down in his room while he sketched. He spent much of his leisure in Mengo finishing the sketches made on his tours, and the Baganda never ceased to wonder at what was to them a mysterious skill. At times, owing to a literal interpretation of the second commandment and perhaps to Mohammedan influence, some of them took exception to this art as "the making of an image," but to most of them it never occurred to question their "father's" conduct.

His own "boys" were devoted to him, though they very much feared his displeasure. Sometimes, however, the effect of it was mitigated by his inability to express himself fluently in Luganda. On one occasion the house-boys had smashed a china teacup which he greatly valued. He summoned them, and after a moment of speechless indignation which tried in vain to express itself in Luganda, he exclaimed sternly in English, "You're a nice lot!" The boys shivered at his stern expression and tremblingly withdrew, and at once went to Hattersley, the missionary schoolmaster, to ask what the English words, "You're a nice lot," meant. Hattersley, not knowing the circumstances, translated them literally into Luganda, the meaning conveyed being "You're a good set of boys." Greatly relieved, the boys departed, wondering why the Bishop had spoken such kind words in so fearful a voice. When the somewhat puzzled Hattersley told Tucker of their inquiry his delight at the joke knew no bounds.

If the Bishop had a fault, it was a certain impulsive, short temper, and this, together with the intense respect of his "boys" for his word, on one

occasion produced an almost ludicrous situation. He had bought a supply of flour in readiness for his next journey. When he was getting out his stores for use on this journey, the flour could not be found. He concluded that the boys had stolen it and, by the help of an interpreter, told them how wrong it was to have done so. The boys denied having stolen it, but when the Bishop persisted in his accusation they gave in, and admitted the theft, but excused themselves on the ground that "hunger was a great enemy." Time went on, and the Bishop was getting ready for another journey. He came on a large tin, and asked the boys to see what was in it. It was full of flour. "This," said Tucker, "is the flour I had lost. But you boys said you had eaten it." "No, sir, we said we had not eaten it. *You* said we had, and we could not contradict the Bishop."

But the fear of the Baganda for his displeasure was nothing to their love for him. He was their father, and they knew he loved them. If they were ever in trouble they knew that he would help them, and they always trusted him.

In March 1901 the Bishop had arranged to start on furlough to England, but before he left he launched a great work which was to take two years, and which gave real expression to the deep devotion of the Baganda Christians to their Church.

The old cathedral of poles and reed-thatch was obviously in need of replacement. Beautiful and thoroughly native as it was, its material could never be expected to last more than a few years. It was felt that a more permanent building was required, and it was decided that it should be of brick, a

possibility now, in consequence of the new industrial developments under Borup.

To decide how to pay for it the chiefs met, and the Katikiro directed their thoughts to the account of the undertaking of Solomon's Temple. "Then the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's work, offered willingly." The chiefs decided therefore to assess themselves according to their means, the regents heading the list with five hundred rupees. Labour was freely given, and Tucker's heart rejoiced before he left to see their unbounded enthusiasm. He writes:

> It was an inspiring sight to see long strings of men going to the swamps every day to dig clay, and then to see them wending their way up the steep hill-side of Namirembe, heavy loads of clay upon their heads. Heading the procession was often the Katikiro himself (now Sir Apolo Kagwa, K.C.M.G.) carrying a heavier load than any of the others. Even boys of seven or eight years of age did their share, and carried their little burdens of clay for the brickmakers.
>
> Then the women were fired with the prevailing enthusiasm, and went into the forests and gathered wood for the burning of the bricks. Princesses and wives of chiefs, as well as peasant women, vied with one another in their eager desire to help forward the work of building for the worship of God a house that should be "exceeding magnifical."

It was with a full heart that the Bishop started for England. Even in the three years since his last arrival in Uganda great changes had occurred. The railway, which, on his journey up, had cut two hundred and fifty miles off the eight-hundred-mile tramp, was now within a short distance of the lake;

three months before a steamer had been launched on the lake itself; the news of Queen Victoria's death had reached them at Entebbe all the way by telegraph; the country had been resettled and wealth and trade were pouring into it. There were dangers, of course, some obvious, some the more to be dreaded because they could not be clearly foreseen. But against all these dangers stood out in the Bishop's mind the memory of long lines of men and women toiling gladly up Namirembe, "the Hill of Peace," a people from highest to lowest giving willingly of their wealth and their strength for the glory of their God.

CHAPTER XIV

FATHER AND FRIEND

1901–1903

THE next eighteen months were spent in England. The incessant marching of the past three years had told heavily on the Bishop's health and strength, and it took him some time to recuperate, but after a short rest in his home at Surbiton with his wife and son, the latter now thirteen years old, he was again caught up in the usual whirl of deputation preaching. In the summer he got a respite to enjoy a delightful holiday in the old haunts of Westmorland, climbing Scawfell and Helvellyn by Striding Edge, and visiting his mother and brothers in Windermere.

His return in 1902 was delayed that he might be in England for an event of unusual importance for Uganda, the visit of Apolo Kagwa, the Katikiro. It was a wonderful moment when this fine-looking, able African, who sixteen years before had been nearly beaten to death by Mwanga in his fury against the Christians, now stood up and thanked the committee of the C.M.S. for what the Society had done for his people. It was a living example of the reality and worth of the Uganda mission, and his visits all over the country made the deepest impression. Two days before the Katikiro and his secretary, Ham Mukasa, left for Africa they were

present at King Edward's coronation, and were so overwhelmed by the splendour of its setting and ritual that, in the words of Ham Mukasa, "one's hair stood on end on account of the exceeding great glory."

The Bishop himself remained a little longer in England, for once again he found himself the champion of the rights of his people. Their inalienable rights in their holdings, pledged by Sir Harry Johnston, were being threatened by certain political proposals, and the Bishop made a great and successful effort to bring into being an association which should pledge itself to see that justice was done to the Baganda, whether by the government or anyone else. Although he himself had to leave before the association was actually formed, he had already ensured its success by securing a promise of support from Sir Harry Johnston himself, and also from the veteran explorer, Sir H. M. Stanley.

During these last few weeks the Bishop was also busy with arrangements for moving his wife's home from Surbiton to Little Bookham. He spent much time with the architect in planning some of the rooms, and was so interested and enthusiastic that it was hard to believe that this was the man who would never allow the trouble or expense of making any improvements in his own rudely built house in Mengo. One great joy had come to him early in the year: his son Hathaway had won a Foundation Scholarship to Marlborough, and before he left England he saw him settled into his new school.

On November 29th the Bishop once more reached Uganda, travelling all the way from the coast for the first time by rail and steamer—ten days of ease

and comfort, instead of three months of marching and toil! He was welcomed at the lake-port of Entebbe by Colonel Sadler, the new Commissioner, a man after his own heart, a patient student, and one with a deep sense of responsibility towards the people committed to him. It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship of several years.

The joy of that very first night of his return to his diocese was marred by disaster. The hospital at Mengo was struck by lightning and destroyed, together with hundreds of pounds' worth of instruments and fittings. Tucker had immediate evidence of the Commissioner's goodwill, for the very next day he cabled to Dr Cook an offer of four hundred men to erect a temporary building for the stranded patients.

But a deeper disaster faced the Bishop, one which had already for over a year cast a terrible gloom over the country, a gloom which did not yet show any sign of lifting. In 1901 Dr Cook had discovered the arrival of the dread scourge of sleeping sickness which, once local in the Congo basin, had been spread far and wide, probably by the system of porterage. It was not till a year later that the cause of the disease was discovered in the sting of the tsetse fly, and meanwhile the people were dying in thousands, especially in the low-lying lands round the lake. The Sese Islands, formerly the home of many churches, and amidst whose beauties Tucker had always loved his restful canoe journeys, were almost depopulated, five hundred being left where once had been ten thousand, while the once fertile strip of Busoga on the north-east shore of the lake was now a deserted and overgrown wilderness. For

a time the doctors were baffled and the people abandoned themselves to the apathy of despair, while churches were broken up and congregations disappeared.

But breaking through the gloom was the noble courage and self-sacrifice of many a Muganda teacher, who risked and often gave his life to carry the gospel to men and women dying in heathenism. Such a case was that of a woman, Rakeri (Rachel), who, hearing that sleeping sickness had broken out on a heathen island, volunteered to go, nor did the warning that it meant almost certain death deter her. Ere long she returned with the news of many won to Christ. Then back again to her heroic task, till in a few months she was brought to Mengo hospital a victim to the disease. Even in her weakness she was a source of comfort and strength to many a dying sufferer in the wards.

It was a Sunday morning and Holy Communion was being celebrated in the cathedral. The last of the communicants were returning to their places when the Bishop noticed in a distant corner, where she had been sitting apart, a white-robed woman who rose and walked with slow and uncertain steps towards the communion rails. The congregation watched her, the wondering love on their faces almost concealing their shrinking fear.

"It is Rakeri!" the Muganda priest's answer came to the Bishop's whispered query. With hardly controlled emotion he gave to her the emblems of that suffering love which had been her inspiration, and slowly she dragged her way down the aisle. "Gloria in excelsis" they sang, "Gloria in excelsis" for the simple nobility of that spirit of Africa, the

same that had once with unflinching courage faced spear and flame, and now offered itself in love to the terror of the sleeping death.

> I saw her once again [Tucker writes]. It was the last day of her life. She was lying on her bed in the women's ward. The fatal slumber was upon her. "The Bishop has come to see you," said the doctor. Her eyelids fluttered for a moment as though she understood, and then she fell back into slumber once more. I could but whisper in her ear the blessing of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—and so she passed to her rest and her reward.

Eighteen months away from his diocese had meant heavy arrears of confirmation candidates, and for eight months of 1903 the Bishop was journeying west, then east, then west again.

These were more than confirmation tours. To the natives they were an opportunity to give a welcome to their beloved "father," for in many instances he himself had been the pioneer in starting the Church in their land. But most of all did his visits count with the missionaries. He was indeed to them their father-in-God, gentle, wise, forbearing, sympathetic. It did them good to see his sturdy figure in the grey Norfolk suit drawing near to their house, sometimes riding on mule-back, more often walking. Behind him would come his boys and—characteristic of the Bishop—his cows, and they would make their camp while the Bishop prepared to enjoy for a night or two the amenities of a home.

He would look into all the work, seldom interfering or criticizing, but always ready to advise with the soundest judgment, and often solving problems of administration which had baffled the missionaries.

Then in the evening, sitting and talking on the veranda, what a friend and counsellor he was in any personal matter, how interested and wise, how absolutely to be trusted as a confidant, sympathetic in trouble with the gentleness of a strong man! He was a link too with the world, not only bringing news of other stations or of doings in Mengo, but discussing, with quick intuitive judgment and the experience of a man who had for years dealt directly with the leaders of political life, the problems of the day. In leisure hours he had always sketches to finish, and some of the most treasured possessions of a missionary were pictures of the beauties of his district given him by his Bishop. He was always ready too for more violent occupations, and whoever played tennis with him had to play against a determined and energetic opponent. No missionary ever saw him forth again on his journeys without feeling happier and stronger for his faith and faithfulness. He always trusted every one to work in his own way, but he always imparted one great conviction—more perhaps by his own life than by any spoken words—that "God loves finished work."

But if it was a joy to have him as a guest, it was counted a rare privilege to be his travelling companion on "safari." Resourceful, determined, making the best of difficulties, courageous in the face of pain or discomfort, never failing in a sense of humour—it was impossible to be dull or discouraged with him. A. L. Kitching, now Bishop of the Upper Nile, was his companion on the first of these journeys when he visited Toro in March 1903. The Bishop suffered severely from fever and had to be carried all day in a hammock, and at night he could get no sleep. "To

his energetic nature," writes Kitching, "to be carried in a hammock was a daily martyrdom. But in the evenings we used to play halma and he always beat me."

Six months later he was better and preparing to go on a tour to Ankole, this time with Dr J. H. Cook. At the last moment his cook was taken ill with fever and could not come. Then the doctor's boy went down with smallpox.

> With the recklessness of ignorance [writes the doctor], I offered to act as cook. The Bishop, not knowing of my incapacities, agreed and handed over the key of his chop box containing the necessary ingredients for making bread. In due course, what I must confess to have been a rather heavy-looking lump was produced. The Bishop weighed it in his hand dubiously, and called in a stentorian tone for a pail of water. He dropped the loaf into the pail, and, alas, it sank like a stone! "No, Doctor," he exclaimed, "I don't eat any eggs that float in water, and I don't eat any bread that sinks in water!" My prestige in that direction never recovered, but fortunately an emergency cook-boy arrived at the next camp.

On that same tour they both met with an accident that might well have been fatal, had it not been for the Bishop's presence of mind. They were in a packed building in use as a temporary dispensary, when suddenly Tucker perceived that the supports and beams of the roof were giving way. He shouted to every one to throw themselves flat, and though buried for a time in thatch and beams, they were dragged out with no worse hurt than a bruise on Dr Cook's shoulder.

At the end of 1903 a physical weakness began to develop that was finally to put an end to Tucker's work in Africa. The many years of marching in

swamp-soaked clothes, of shivering in the dews of chilly dawns, and then steaming out the damp in the sweltering sun were beginning to tell even on that iron frame.

> I am fast becoming a cripple [he wrote in December]. Rheumatism has laid hold of me and is likely to keep me in its clutches. Should it increase as it has done the last six months I shall be an absolute cripple in twelve months' time. However I am hoping against hope and am prepared for whatever comes. One can't expect to go into battle and to come out of it without a scratch.

Fortunately the rheumatism did not become worse though at times it gripped him as in a vice, and by March of 1904 he was off again on a pioneer journey to the unopened land of Acholi in the Nile Valley, north-east of Bunyoro, at the invitation of one of the chiefs.

It was an unsettled country, and permission for the journey was obtained from Colonel Hayes Sadler, the Commissioner, on the understanding that the Bishop and his party were travelling at their own risk. His companions were once more Dr and Mrs A. R. Cook. In spite of a two-days' halt to recover from fever they arrived in three weeks at the village of a friendly chief. So far they had met with no opposition, but on the other hand had heard endless tales of official oppression and injustice, which were hard to believe.

It was Easter Eve and they were sitting quietly in their camp at Ojigi's village when suddenly a party of armed soldiers appeared. They informed the Bishop that they had been sent by the local Resident with warrants for the arrest of three murderers whom he had heard were in the Bishop's

camp, and that he desired the Bishop to execute the warrants. This he absolutely refused to do, even before he learned by inquiry that the men were not there. Moreover, he wrote very strongly to both the Resident and the Commissioner protesting against the request.

> I was travelling [he writes to a friend] in a country which government officials had declared to be unsafe. . . . Suppose this contention to be true—suppose again that these men had been in my camp, and I had been foolish enough to hand them over to the soldiers to be carried off and possibly hung and that these men had been deep in the affections of their people, I might have risked the safety of my whole party. We might as a matter of revenge have been wiped out.

But he protested too on broader grounds. He declared that though half the men in his camp were murderers his mission was to such, and that the government had no right to take advantage of his privileged position as a missionary to get their warrants executed.

> I may say [he writes] that I do not think I shall be troubled with any more warrants. Just fancy sending warrants to General Booth to execute! I wonder what he would say to the Chief Commissioner of Police!

The disappointed soldiers were hospitably entertained that night in Ojigi's village and next morning departed with three stolen sheep! The Bishop began to think that there might be some truth in these stories of official oppression.

Two weeks later he met one of the alleged murderers and taxed him with the crime. The man protested his innocence and offered to produce

witnesses of the wrongs he had suffered. A week later the Bishop and his party reached Wadelai, the headquarters of the Resident. Immediately the chief came to him with a complaint of wanton cruelty on the part of the Resident which had resulted in the death of one of his men. Tucker saw the Resident, who admitted the facts. The Bishop was in one of the most terrible predicaments of his life, "but," he writes, "one's duty towards these helpless people gives one no choice." Fortunately the Deputy-Commissioner arrived at that moment, the facts were put before him, and the Resident was sent down to the Commissioner under arrest.

From the missionary point of view the tour was a great success. Everywhere they were welcomed and Dr Cook treated no less than four thousand patients. "We so won the confidence of these wild people (said by the Resident to be dangerous) that mothers actually brought their greasy babies to us to nurse!"

Two days out of Mengo they were drenched through in a terrific storm, and the Bishop was laid up for a week with fever and a high temperature, followed by a sharp return of rheumatism.

It varies very much with the weather [he writes]. My wife has sent me a number of things for it—from a rheumatic ring to flowers of sulphur which you put in your socks!

CHAPTER XV

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

1904–1905

THE education scheme of 1898 had proved a success, and by the end of 1903 twenty-two thousand children were attending the primary schools. There was, however, a serious defect in the system. The chiefs did not send their children to the primary schools nor did they educate them themselves, so that those who would be responsible for the future leadership of the country and who by their position would be most open to the temptations consequent upon the inrush of industrial civilization, were passing through boyhood undisciplined and untaught. To meet this need Mr Hattersley had planned to have a boarding-school for the sons of chiefs, run on the house system and on self-supporting lines. This school, known as the Mengo High School, was opened in 1904, and a similar school for the daughters of chiefs was also started by women missionaries at Gayaza.

But the Bishop's vision for Uganda went even beyond this. He saw the absolute necessity of higher education and even dreamed of the establishment of a university. Meanwhile, he planned to found an intermediate college and approached the C.M.S. with the suggestion, offering to run the whole scheme himself, if the society would lend the missionaries and build them houses. To his intense

disappointment the C.M.S. had to refuse owing to lack of funds.

With Tucker, to see a vision clearly was immediately to set about its accomplishment, and he had already secured through the Commissioner the promise of government help in the way of scholarships. In writing about his disappointment he revealed how clearly he had visualized the whole scheme, a scheme so wide that he felt that it lay beyond the power of one missionary society. "To provide a wise and wide measure of education needs—well, something more than the C.M.S." Subsequent events have proved the truth of his words. Meanwhile, he felt keenly the missing of the opportunity.

> At Khartoum they have an immense College which bears the name of Gordon with no one to educate. Here on the other hand we have a whole nation hungry and thirsty for knowledge and no means of getting it. Truly it is a "topsy-turvy" sort of world we live in!

In reply to this letter to Mrs Carus-Wilson, he received four months later a generous offer from Mr Flint, her son-in-law, to find the money he needed for his scheme. The Bishop was overjoyed and immediately set about finding a site. He finally settled upon "Budo," a hill six miles from Mengo. This was the royal hill from which the kings of Uganda used "to eat the kingdom" at their coronation, to show that they had formally taken possession of the country, and it was decided to call the new building "King's School."

In June of that year a long-looked-for event took place in the consecration of the new cathedral, the building of which had begun three years before, and

on which all the Protestants, chiefs and peasants alike, had lavished money and service. With eager expectation they had watched its growth, the huge cruciform brick structure rising majestically above their city of thatched reed houses.

June 21st was the day of consecration, and from the earliest hours of dawn, long before the doors were opened, a constant stream of men and women flowed up Namirembe hill, the murmur of their voices drifting into the Bishop's house "like the sound of many waters." By nine o'clock four thousand five hundred people packed the cathedral to the doors and six thousand more were outside. The Kabaka was there, and Colonel Hayes Sadler, and Mr Victor Buxton, a representative of the C.M.S. committee, with his wife. With the Kabaka came the Katikiro and all the great chiefs in festal dress. Then through the vast congregation came the Bishop with his procession of over forty priests, most of them Africans. The massive brick pillars and the Gothic arches had not the same native quality as the old "forest of poles," but the great roof which spanned that huge assembly was truly African, lined with washed and polished golden reeds, bound and decorated with dark fibre. This great House of God stood as an expression of the national religious consciousness, and stirred the deepest emotions of the Baganda in a way which recalled the story of the dedication of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem.

How the rolling and reverberating tones of the responses stirred one's soul to its very depths! [Tucker writes]. And the Amens, how they reminded one of what we are told of the Christians of the primitive age—that their Amens were like the roll of distant thunder.

Most striking of all was the offertory. The vast congregation covered the whole space of the cathedral floor, the white robes of the men contrasting with the terra-cotta garments of the women. To and fro amongst their seated figures moved a number of men with large bags, into which were poured offerings of cowrie shells. Again and again the bags were taken to the altar, the great offertory basket overflowed, the Communion Table itself was not large enough, and a great pile grew on a cloth spread before it. All the while other gifts were being taken up—sugar-cane, bananas, fowls—and were laid down at the foot of the table. Even two frightened goats were led up through the great throng and presented by the Bishop and then led out again, while outside were fifteen cows which, but for the Bishop's whispered direction, would have been brought in behind the goats! The gifts amounted to over a hundred and fifty pounds, and the debt remaining on the cathedral was more than paid.

The joy of this service helped to compensate the Bishop for a great disappointment which he had experienced a few days before. Taking the opportunity of Mr Buxton's presence he had again consulted the conference of missionaries about the constitution, and was distressed to find that their position was practically unaltered.

His rheumatism was now increasing and with it acute dyspepsia, and in March and April of 1905 he took a journey to Toro on which he was constantly ill.

What with fever, rheumatism and chronic dyspepsia the daily journey was a daily martyrdom. Just fancy—getting up at half-past four in the morning and then

shivering by a camp fire while your hut is being taken down and your breakfast being got ready—then the journey—the long grass dripping with dew and drenching you with its showers—then later the blazing sun—the headache—the backache—and every other ache. . . . I do not think that I ought to venture on another long journey before recruiting a little at home. Indeed, I am wondering if I ought to come out here again. I am certainly not so fit for these long and trying expeditions as I once was.

He was now fifty-six and the low condition of his health accentuated his disappointment over the constitution.

I am beginning to feel that a change would be good for Uganda. For one thing the question of a constitution for the Church is still unsettled and I am as far from being in agreement with the majority of the missionaries with regard to a fundamental point as ever I was.

So persistent were the fever and rheumatism on this journey that he had to consent to be carried in a hammock for the greater part of each day—always a great trial to his pride and patience. However, he persisted as long as he possibly could, and completed his work in Toro, visiting every station he had planned to see and confirming over five hundred candidates. But he was obliged to abandon the idea of going on to Ankole, and thereby probably saved his life. For a few weeks later Mr Galt, the sub-commissioner of Toro, was speared on his way through Ankole by a native as an act of revenge for some of his tribe shot in an affray with British troops. There was no personal animosity in the murder. Mr Galt was simply the first European to pass that way and it might well have been the Bishop. In writing about it Tucker recounts with

amusement the comment of a friend on his narrow escape :

> A kind friend suggested, when he heard of the possibility of my having been speared—how much such an event would have stirred up at home renewed interest in the Uganda mission ! Well ! if the interest would have effected all that I long to see accomplished I would have endured the spearing, but I doubt the value of interest so stirred up—that is by a spear blade !

Shortly after his return to Mengo, in the month of May, the Bishop received a visit from Dr Hine, the Bishop of Zanzibar. An incident occurred on this occasion which illustrates Tucker's impetuosity, and the difficulties he was often in owing to his imperfect knowledge of the language. He had come down to Entebbe to meet his visitor, and suddenly hailed a passing native and ordered him to carry Dr Hine's bag to his house in Mengo. The native appeared unwilling and made some remark which the Bishop could not understand, but he repeated his orders in that manner which caused his porters never to wait for a repetition of the command. The native set off, but when the two bishops arrived at Mengo the bag was not there and was found later in the bush minus the Bishop's vestments, which had been stolen. The next Sunday Dr Hine preached in borrowed evangelical attire !

Late that year the Bishop paid a long-overdue visit to one of the most distant parts of the diocese, Nassa, at the extreme south end of the lake. The immediate cause of the visit was that strife between the natives and their German masters seemed likely to imperil the safety of the missionaries, and Tucker determined to investigate their risk himself. His

journey down the lake was a sumptuous affair compared to the old voyages, for he travelled most of the way in a luxurious lake steamer and the remainder in a steam launch.

He found the position better than he had expected and after a fortnight he determined to start back. But the return journey to Muanga, the German port, had to be in the old style, by native canoes, and a fatal disaster was only avoided by a hairbreadth. Running for shelter from a sudden gale to the lee of an island, they had to pass to windward of a rocky promontory. Desperately the boatmen paddled, but the wind and waves were fast bearing them on to the rocks, white with the foam of the breakers. Would they clear them? "We only just managed it," Tucker wrote. "I could have thrown a biscuit on the rocks as we crept past them—the breakers roaring as if disappointed of their prey."

CHAPTER XVI

"LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET"

1906–1908

BACK again in England! Maytime in England! Maytime in the little home at Bookham that he had planned so lovingly three and a half years before, but had never lived in; Maytime among the Surrey pines and heather with the loved wife who had always been ready to sacrifice the companionship of his presence that she might be companion of all his hopes and ideals; Maytime, and Hathaway specially up for the week-end from Marlborough, the shy new boy he had left behind him now in the Fifth, with several school prizes to his credit! Tucker's cup of joy and gratitude seemed overflowing.

It was only a brief respite, however, for June found him on a round of deputation visits, and busy too, as he always was in England, in fighting—even against the highest authority—for the rights of his Baganda, getting the opinion of the ex-Attorney-General on the question of African land rights. "This," he writes, "will enable one to deal with the government with some authority."

In July he had to consult a Harley Street specialist for his rheumatism, and as a result was ordered immediately to Karlsbad for treatment and afterwards for rest to the Tyrol. In the ordinary way such advice would have been financially impossible

for the Bishop to follow, as neither he nor his wife ever had any private means, but owing to the kindness of friends both he and Mrs Tucker were eventually able to go. "We shall both be like the 'Innocents Abroad,'" he writes. "We know nothing of the ways of such 'resorts.'" However, they found a very comfortable and quiet hotel in Karlsbad, and it was well they did, for the fashionable worldliness of it all jarred intensely upon him, after the simplicity of his African life.

> I hate the sight of men and women dressed up like peacocks and whose whole business in life seems to be to eat, drink and be merry. I do not think I could endure three weeks in the centre of the town, with the music fiend at large and the devil apparently in possession.

Artist though he was, Tucker had little appreciation and not a little suspicion of music.

At Karlsbad he also found it hard to take kindly to being an invalid.

> What a come down it seems for me to be here drinking the water! To join a great throng of people carrying glass mugs and to take your turn with hundreds of invalids in receiving your portion of water seems very humiliating to one who has in his day rejoiced in his strength.

But he endured it on the assurance of the doctor that he would "leave the rheumatism behind." In a few weeks the treatment was over and they moved on to the Tyrol, where to Tucker's delight his son, who was on holiday, was able to join them. In the dry bracing air he felt a new man, and it was obvious that the rheumatism was better when he found himself able one day to climb five thousand feet without undue fatigue.

In September they were back in London and ere long the rheumatism returned as badly as ever. Harley Street recommended further treatments; the Bishop, however, was not convinced.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom then I should imagine we are on the right track—but on the other hand, if it be true that "too many cooks spoil the broth" then I fear I am in some danger. I have massages—and electric batteries—and sulphur baths—and mustard packs—and eucalyptus oil-rubbing and I don't know what else—oh! yes—hot fomentations to spine, etc., etc., but all of it seems to me at present in vain! I am not sure that I am not rather worse. Mr M—— however says I am better—much better—and I suppose I must believe him!

But the rheumatism got worse, and in November he was almost tied to his chair and could not move even his head.

In the midst of it all he found time and strength to attack a proposed concession of forest land in Uganda to a Forest Company whose advertisement he had seen. In the first place he questioned "the right of the government to alienate the forests from the Baganda to whom they are secured by treaty." He also protested against the employment of Baganda to collect rubber in those particular forests along the west bank of the Nile.

The tsetse fly is found there in myriads. Well! the Baganda go in—many of them are infected with the sleeping sickness—the fly feeds upon them and passes the disease on to others and this is how the sleeping sickness is spread by government negligence and culpable complicity.

He was scathing about the Company's advertisement that the forest was not within the sleeping sickness area:

Of course the sickness is not in the forest because there are no people there—but *the fly is there* and directly the Baganda are brought in the process of spreading the disease begins. It has been done exactly in this way in the islands and is to my mind a great scandal. Money is being made out of the lives of the Baganda.

On February 15th he started once more for Africa, better than he had been a few months before, but with the rheumatism still uncured. All went well as far as the Red Sea and he was rejoicing again in the warmth and sunshine, when he was suddenly attacked by rheumatoid iritis, a very painful affection of the eyes which made him practically blind. The German doctor who treated him on board did not understand the case and he reached Mombasa in a pitiful condition. To travel up to Uganda was impossible and for two weeks he lay in a darkened room in the sweltering heat, unable to read or write, a sad trial to his impatient activity. However, he insisted on travelling at the earliest moment, and with one eye covered and a little fever still on him he arrived in Mengo, to find huge arrears of confirmations and organization awaiting him. Now that he was away from the coast he quickly rallied, and except for a little weakness in the right eye he found his sight unimpaired. In June he wrote :

Physically I am still almost as strong as ever. A short while ago I rode forty miles on my mule—held two confirmations, confirming one hundred and eighty candidates —all in twenty-seven hours. Which was not bad for a cripple.

He might also have added " for a man of fifty-seven, after seventeen years under the African sun " !

Two cheering pieces of news came at this time

from England. The first was that his son had won a history scholarship to Exeter College, Oxford, which made it possible for him to go to the University; and the second that a picture painted by himself at Innsbruck had been accepted by the Royal Academy. On the other hand, the Bishop was again intensely disappointed at the result of the conference of church representatives in June, at which, although arrangements were made for a regular synod to be held in future, the missionaries still refused to come within the terms of the constitution of the Church.

On July 2nd he started off on a five-hundred-mile tramp through Budu, Koki, Ankole, Toro, and Bunyoro. He had already confirmed in all the stations round Mengo and this tour was in the nature of an episcopal visitation of the greater part of his huge diocese. It was also a triumphal procession. Almost daily for weeks they were met by welcoming processions from one village to another, some singing hymns, others beating drums and still more with the real native welcome of shrill cries rendered intermittent by tapping the lips with the fingers. In Ankole, where eight years before he and Dr Cook had had to wage so long and desperate a battle against heathen darkness for the entry of Christianity, all was now changed; there were churches, schools, eager bands of Christians. In one point in particular there was a marked improvement. The better class women of Ankole, unlike the Baganda women, were always veiled and in seclusion and did no work, and as a rule were enormously fat. Already, however, they were beginning to have a measure of freedom and were allowed to walk a mile or two in public, their huge

figures waddling along under the privacy of a large, black umbrella with one eye showing from a half-drawn veil.

At the end of August he arrived again in Mengo, having enjoyed perfect health all the time with the exception of rheumatism.

In December an important event occurred in the visit of Mr Winston Churchill, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the Liberal Government, and the Bishop was much occupied with the Commissioner in receiving him and showing him round. The Bishop writes of this visit:

> We have been passing through a very busy time. Mr Winston Churchill is largely responsible for it. I had to meet him on his arrival at Entebbe. The Governor expects me to be with him on such occasions and so I had a journey of forty miles. Then came dinners and receptions, etc. We had just finished building a new school room in connection with the High School and this Mr Churchill formally opened. He was, I think, much impressed with what he saw of our work and remarked how few people in England knew about it. I suppose he meant in his own circle! However, he went on to say that it would not be his fault if they did not know more about it, as he would make it his business to tell them. Mr Winston Churchill as a missionary deputation is rather an amusing idea.

However, Mr Churchill was as good as his word, and both in speeches and in his account of his visit to Africa spoke in glowing terms of the missionary work in Uganda. Tucker concludes his account of the visit with a delightful sentence: "The young man was very friendly, and did his best to make himself agreeable, which I understand he is not always anxious about."

All these months the Bishop's health was improving

so that it would have been difficult to recognize in him the cripple of twelve months before. He gives in a letter an account of amazing activity and endurance:

> The other day I was six hours in the saddle going to Ndeje and on my arrival played three sets of tennis and won them all. The next day I went on to Luwero (twenty miles) and held a confirmation service, one hundred and ninety candidates. On the following day I officiated at 7 a.m. at an out-door communion service—there was no room in the church, for the communicants numbered two hundred and fifty-four. It was one of the most delightful services I have ever taken part in. Later in the day I rode twenty miles back to Ndeje—and then the following day started for Mengo, twenty-five miles. Thus I did eighty miles in four days. All of which shows that there is "life in the old dog yet!"

A visit to Busoga in January completed his round of the diocese, and in the middle of February he left for England. He had only been out a year, but his return was imperative for the Lambeth Conference. Even in that one year he had covered hundreds of miles on foot, had made up all the leeway of his huge diocese, and had initiated plans for its future.

CHAPTER XVII

PIONEERING STILL—TRIUMPH OUT OF DISASTER

1908–1910

THE next seven months in England were crowded with activity. A brief respite at Bookham was soon followed by a round of preaching engagements lasting right up to the Lambeth Conference in June, in which month the Bishop received from Cambridge University the degree of D.C.L. In the Conference itself he took an important part. "I have had such a full time," he writes, "as even my busy life has hardly known."

One incident at the Conference he relates with some amusement.

> I had also, wonder of wonders, to press on the Conference in conjunction with the Bishop of Birmingham (Bishop Gore) a resolution on miracles—which was ultimately embodied in the Report. We had a great struggle over that, but, thank God, gained the day. The idea of my being associated with the Bishop of Birmingham has tickled me immensely. But I am bound to say he was thoroughly sound.

All of which sounds more naïve in these days of better mutual understanding than it did twenty years ago!

August he spent in Switzerland with his wife and son and a few friends, climbing and sketching, but in September he was once more in a whirl of engage-

ments, so that by the end of the month he had lost his voice. Among his visits he stayed at Windermere with his widowed mother, and found her very frail. "I fear I shall never see her again in this life," he writes.

By December he was back in Mengo, and immediately he turned his mind, inspired by his experience of the past months, and by the promise of help from the Pan-Anglican Thankoffering Committee, to fields of new venture. His thoughts turned north-east to that great country of Karamojo, east of the Nile and north and east of Mount Elgon, stretching right away to Abyssinia. It was unexplored heathendom, untouched by Roman Catholics or even by Mohammedans, for it lay between the two great Mohammedan routes of the Nile and the coast-route from Uganda. In February, a month short of his sixtieth birthday, he started with Dr A. R. Cook and Archdeacon Buckley on this new pioneering adventure.

They crossed the Nile through Busoga and the Bukedi country, but when they came to Mt. Elgon where the old Swahili caravan route to Karamojo ran up north, round the eastern base of Mt. Debasien, they heard that it was only usable in the rains owing to the great scarcity of water. As it was now the height of a very hot season it would have meant carrying provisions for over a week, and even then it was a risky proceeding.

If their exploration was to be a success another route must be found and the map was consulted. The only alternative was to go north through the Teso and Lango countries, stretching up to and beyond the marshes of Lake Kioga as far as Lake

Salisbury. Tucker suddenly put his finger on the map north of Lake Salisbury: "I should not be surprised if we were to find a practicable road into Karamojo here, where it says, 'The people are reputed as rich in flocks and herds but very treacherous.' Let us go north."

So they went north through the Teso country, and stopped at Ngora, where A. L. Kitching was stationed. Wherever they went the sick came in crowds to Dr Cook, and among them were many lepers in every stage of the disease. Still north they went, crossing an arm of Lake Kioga into the Lango country, where they found the "treacherous" people as kindly and friendly as could be. At every village they came to Dr Cook and many of the chiefs professed their readiness to support a teacher. At length they came to Longoi through a fertile, well-watered country, and there south of them was the whole length of Mt. Debasien, and two days' easy march east was Mani-Mani, their objective in the Karamojo country. But there was no time now to go on. The Bishop's mule had fallen lame and he could take no risk of being late for the synod which was to be held at Mengo in April, and which was to consider the whole matter of the constitution. Karamojo must be left for a later adventure; meanwhile, the road there had been found and there was opened up in the Bukedi, Teso and Lango countries a vast area for missionary work, the people being for the most part ready and anxious to support teachers.

Tucker was thrilled at the promising results of their tour and immediately set about planning how the new country should be occupied—quickly, while

they were still alone in the field. He knew quite well that no supply of European missionaries could be forthcoming sufficient to cope with the needs of the million or more people in Teso and Bukedi ready and anxious for teachers. He must look elsewhere, and his thoughts immediately turned to the Church in Uganda with its seventy thousand Christians, and its marked instinct for missionary work. He would have Baganda missionaries in these new countries, going, as the Mohammedan missionaries went, with nothing or little in the way of possessions, dependent upon the hospitality of the chiefs, of whom more than fifty were already prepared to receive a teacher. The maintenance of these men would amount to very little, and provided they had European supervision they would be far more effective just because they were Africans. He immediately appealed to the Pan-Anglican Thank-offering Committee for a grant of four thousand five hundred pounds, the interest of which, while it would hardly support one English missionary, would maintain a hundred such Baganda evangelists. At the same time he appealed to the Church in Uganda for the men and found in them a ready response.

In spite of all this encouragement there were increasing difficulties in the work. The rapid development of the diocese meant constant strain between different types of men, and continually the Bishop was the mediator, a task which he performed so well that few realized how much it taxed him. Moreover, three weeks after his return to Mengo he was faced with the synod at which he was to bring up again the eleven-year-old question of the constitution. He had great hopes this time, though

none the less great anxiety, but when the matter was actually laid before the conference of missionaries he found that they were all of one mind, and the constitution for which he had worked with such firmness and patience for so many years was passed by the synod. The Bishop's joy at this result was unqualified and it was soon increased by hearing that not only had the Pan-Anglican Committee enthusiastically granted him four thousand pounds, but that Mr Flint had made himself responsible for three years for the three hundred pounds a year he had asked for. Even before the special appeal had been issued twenty-five Baganda had volunteered to go out as missionaries.

In June the Bishop started on a tour to Bunyoro and Toro, travelling, in spite of his advanced years, without another European, only attended by his boys. On this tour he met with two adventures which might have tried the nerve and strength of a much younger man. On his way through Bunyoro he had caught a chill which had brought on a touch of bronchitis, and for three nights he had not slept. Suddenly his sleep returned, but in the middle of the night he was awakened out of a heavy slumber by what he thought was the bellowing of cows near his tent. Knowing that the herdsman was careless and fearing that the straying beasts would pull his tent down, he shouted to the boy that if he did not tether them at once he would be punished. The answer came back, "They are not cows; they are lions!" The Bishop listened. The boy was right. The lions were roaring within thirty yards of him, so close that he could hear them snuffling. He listened for a while, but weariness was too strong for

any other feeling and he fell asleep. Again he waked to find the roaring still in progress, but once again sleep prevailed. When next he woke it was daylight and the lions had gone. "It was an amusing experience," he writes, "and, I fancy, a somewhat unusual one!"

The other experience occurred on his way back to Mengo, when he was caught in one of those sudden, cyclonic African storms. His tent was swept away and in a moment he was beaten to the earth by the wind and rain, and could not long have survived its fury, had he not been dragged by his head-man to the shelter of a little grass hut. There he crouched, with his boys, the trees crashing around them, a torrent pouring over their feet, while they momentarily expected their frail and rocking covering to be swept after the tent. Fortunately one of his boys had had the presence of mind to beat an alarm upon the drum which Tucker always took with him, and a neighbouring chief sent a rescue party, which guided them in a lull of the storm to the shelter of his house.

So he returned to Mengo from a journey as adventurous and arduous as any of his earlier years. He found himself involved at once, as he had been so often before, in championing the cause of the comparatively helpless African, and no less hotly did he fling himself into the lists than he had done in the old days.

The trouble arose from a proposal of the Governor, Sir Hesketh Bell, to introduce Indian immigrants into Busoga, where the ravages of sleeping sickness had decimated the population. Now that the disease had been checked, the Basoga were gradually

beginning to increase in number, but they were still quite unable to cope with the needs and possibilities of their country. To introduce Indian settlers, however, would mean the ultimate extinction of the Basoga, and to take advantage of their misfortune and consequent weakness in order to rob them of their land was in Tucker's eyes an act of wanton cruelty and injustice, which he opposed with all the strength of his character, sending a very strong condemnation of the proposal to the official Government Commission. He was probably helped by the fact that Sir Hesketh Bell was being transferred to Northern Nigeria, but in any case he completely won the day for the Basoga.

Other things, however, were not going so well. The stress and strain of the past few months were beginning to tell upon the Bishop's long-tried constitution, and acute dyspepsia had laid hold of him, affecting seriously the action of his heart. The only way of dealing with the trouble was by strict dieting. "So I live continually," he writes, "on Lenten fare." But he saw that it was the beginning of the end. "My only hope is in a temperate climate."

One reason for his dyspepsia was the bare simplicity of his life—he still lived in the same native house—and the fact that his boys' cooking was not supervised. Indeed, living and travelling so much alone, he had developed a habit of indifference towards his food and ate his meals too fast. One missionary, who loved to have the Bishop as his guest, always said that he himself never got time at meals to eat enough!

If, however, the years had adversely affected Tucker's health, to his character they had only

brought a ripening of judgment and a mellowing of what in earlier days had sometimes appeared a somewhat hasty austerity. Every Sunday afternoon the entire mission at Mengo gathered in the Bishop's house for tea, a function which none cared to miss, not only for its social intercourse, but specially for the contact with the breadth and sympathy of the Bishop's mind. He had not always been wholly free from personal prejudices and one of these was against smoking, which he intensely disliked. One missionary, who once deprecatingly said that he only smoked on Sundays, Tucker somewhat grimly asked if he only gave up stealing for six days in the week! But even in these smaller matters time had brought a greater tolerance—though he never smoked himself.

The years too had only more deeply endeared Tucker to the Baganda, and nothing was more beautiful in its Christian simplicity than when his household had gathered for evening prayers and, prayers ended, they sat round the Bishop's room, talking to him and asking questions about what he had read or of some other need. By this time he had attained a very useful grasp of conversational Luganda, though he was never at his ease in preaching and it was many years before he attempted it. When he preached his first confirmation sermon in Luganda, he somewhat anxiously asked a teacher in the vestry afterwards what he thought of the address. The man replied with great politeness that it was most impressive, and could only have been better if the Bishop had spoken in Luganda instead of in English!

However, he committed to heart a number of addresses in Luganda which he was able to use on

most occasions. This enforced habit sometimes brought him into great difficulty and never more so than in this very year, 1909. It was the ordination service at the Cathedral and for the first time there was only one candidate for deacon's orders. The service, which Tucker had committed to memory, was in the plural, and the difference in grammatical construction in Luganda is very marked. The Bishop did not realize his quandary until he began to speak. Hopelessly he floundered, and the audible promptings of Canon Baskerville from his corner reduced him to an even worse state of bewilderment. With true African politeness the Baganda showed no consciousness of the awkward situation. Years before, when some young Baganda had shown amusement in a similar situation, the old chief, Nikodemo Sebwato, had sternly rebuked them : "It is not our custom, when our fathers make a mistake, to smile."

In December 1909 Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States of America, visited Uganda, and the strength and simplicity of Roosevelt's character made a strong appeal to the similar qualities in Tucker, while Roosevelt himself carried away a deep impression both of the Bishop and of the wonder of the Christian work in Uganda. Indeed, on all sides the Church was progressing by leaps and bounds and already many Baganda missionaries were at work in Bukedi. "When I leave Uganda finally," Tucker wrote, "the one man in the world whom I shall envy will be my successor."

Meanwhile the dyspepsia was increasing and the heart symptoms were growing worse, and after a visit to Toro in May 1910 he wrote privately to the

Archbishop of Canterbury that he thought the time for his resignation had arrived. How much he felt it he expresses in one of his letters to Mrs Carus-Wilson.

> The countries outside Uganda are opening up at such a tremendous rate that it needs a man in the full vigour of youth to tackle the long journeys involved in their effectual evangelization. The work I am sure will suffer unless a change is speedily made. What I shall suffer in parting from this work I dread to think. It will be like parting with a portion of my very life. I have lived for it, prayed for it, striven for it, dreamt of it, and now to part with it will be almost more than I can bear to think of.

It was arranged that he should return to England in the autumn to discuss the whole matter.

In the summer two or three events of importance occurred that were in a way a fitting climax to his long episcopate. The first synod of the Church under its new constitution met in July, and to Tucker's great joy everything passed off very happily and successfully. After so many years of waiting not only was his cherished plan adopted, but he had actually witnessed its effective working. On the second day of the session the whole synod adjourned to the gloomy swamp where, twenty-five years before, the boy martyrs had been slain, and there the Bishop dedicated a silver granite memorial cross given by Bishop Wilkinson of Northern and Central Europe. A wonderful ceremony it was, witnessed by representatives of the whole Church in Uganda, grown in twenty-five years from a little handful of persecuted fugitives to seventy thousand souls. Among those present were many who remembered vividly the cruel act that had hallowed for ever that dismal spot.

A fortnight later a great sensation was caused throughout the land by the arrival in Mengo of Mwanga's remains. He had died seven years before in Seychelles and had been buried there, but many of the Baganda—so greatly did they honour their Kabaka—refused to believe the report or to give their unqualified allegiance to the young king, Daudi.

It was for this reason that the remains were now sent to Uganda. Great crowds came to the funeral service, which was a Christian ceremony—Mwanga had died a Christian—the first part of the service being taken at the cathedral and the last at Mtesa's burial-place. It was again a fitting climax to the ceremony at the martyrs' swamp that the royal murderer of the Christians should be given Christian burial.

The day after the funeral Daudi was solemnly invested with all the insignia of kingship. He was taken outside the palace gate and made to stand upon a drum upon which was spread a lion's skin, while a leopard skin was spread over his shoulders and he was arrayed in terra-cotta bark clothes with bracelets on his arms and copper-headed spears and a shield in his hands.

Mutalaga the blacksmith brought a sword, which he gave to Kasuji, who in turn handed it to the young king, saying, "Take this sword and with it cut judgment in truth. Anyone who rebels against thee, do thou kill with this sword." Solemnly the king beat the ancient drum Mujaguzo, whose carved pythons' heads had listened to its deep rumbling for nearly four hundred years.

Then came his craftsmen offering him the product of their toil. His herdsmen brought him milk, his

brewers beer, his armourers their spears, his smiths their hoes. Then the royal bearers carried the boy king on their shoulders back to his palace, where a reception was held.

Three days later Daudi was fourteen and on the next day, in the presence of a great congregation, he was confirmed by the Bishop in the cathedral. "Nunc dimittis" might well have been the Bishop's thought, as all these happenings seemed to crown the years of his love and labour and to lessen the sadness of his approaching departure.

On September 19th he embarked at Mombasa, and when he arrived at Aden, a telegram was put into his hands. He opened it and read, "Cathedral destroyed by lightning, September 23rd." He was stunned! Could it be true? Had yet another blow fallen on his beloved people who had endured so much? Their cathedral, the pride of their hearts, the witness of their devoted self-sacrifice, destroyed!

His first instinct was to return to them immediately, but on second thoughts he saw the uselessness of such a step, particularly in view of his health. He knew the Baganda, and the missionaries who were leading them. He knew they would resolve and act bravely. He would go on to England and rouse Christian opinion there to help his stricken people.

Of course no details had yet reached him of the catastrophe or its consequences, but his trust was not misplaced. The disaster had been complete. Within ten minutes of the fatal flash the whole reed roof, dry as tinder, was ablaze, and in another quarter of an hour it had fallen in. But after the first stunning moment the Baganda chiefs immediately faced the task of rebuilding with the same courage

and determination with which they had erected the cathedral originally. At a meeting purely of African Christians the following resolution was passed:

> In the matter of rebuilding our cathedral in Namirembe, we rejoice very much to take it in hand, to carry it through to completion. The money we will save from the rents of our estates, and we think that, without doubt, we shall be able in three years to raise ten thousand pounds. Every chief who has ten tenants will give the rent of four, and those who have hundreds and thousands of tenants will give in like proportion.

Forty per cent of their rent-roll for three years! When Tucker heard of it he knew more surely than by the numbers of baptisms that the seed that had been sown in Uganda for the past twenty-five years had borne fruit, thirty-fold, sixty-fold, an hundred-fold.

CHAPTER XVIII

DURHAM BELLS AGAIN

1911–1914

THE Tuckers had decided to leave Bookham and to make their home in London while their son, who had finally decided on the Civil Service, was being coached for his examination. The Bishop had written from Africa of the change with dread—" We are going to live in London (awful thought !) "—and he is even more vivid in a letter written soon after his arrival to Mrs Carus-Wilson. " We are here living in a ' band box ' where I hope you will come and see us. We are quite close to St Mary Abbot's and the High Street. . . . In the room in which I am writing I cannot see a single inch of sky—nothing but a blank wall——!!! What a contrast to my study in Uganda, where I look out upon the Victoria Nyanza and twenty miles of country."

He made an immediate appeal for ten thousand pounds for the cathedral in Mengo, and by January 1911 seven thousand pounds had been promised. In March he was offered a vacant Canonry at Durham. Nothing could have pleased him better than to return to the old city where he had heard the great call of his life, but before taking up his residence there he set sail on March 29th for a last farewell visit to his African people.

It was sad to arrive in Mengo and to find the

cathedral no more, but in its place was a wonderful spirit of sacrifice in the hearts of the Baganda which had been deepened by the response of the Church in England to their need. Already a commencement was being made with the rebuilding. Tucker's stay could only be a short one and there was no time to visit the whole of his great diocese, but from every part of it they came to Mengo, missionaries and Africans, to bid him good-bye. To the Bishop himself it was, as he had always said it would be, like the tearing out of his heart-strings, and he could hardly control himself to preach his final sermon. The last to bid farewell to him at the lake port of Entebbe was Archdeacon Walker, who had been in Uganda longer even than the Bishop and who, through all his episcopate, had been his loyal helper and second-in-command. Of that farewell Archdeacon Walker once said to the writer, with a humble humorousness :

> The Bishop gave me as a parting gift a great riding cape of green canvas that he always used on his journeys. I wished that with his cloak I might have a double portion of his spirit—but that was beyond me !

On Tucker's return to England it was some months before he could go to Durham, as the withdrawal of the resignation that had created the vacancy there made it necessary to wait till the next vacancy, which occurred shortly afterwards. On January 25th, 1912, after a short sketching holiday in the Riviera, he was present in Westminster Abbey at the consecration of his successor in Uganda, Bishop Willis. Five days later he and Mrs Tucker took possession of their new home at Durham, now in

the very precincts of the beloved cathedral, whose bells were no longer a reiterating challenge, but a constant reminder of how God had blessed his answer to their call twenty years before.

The summer of 1912 was cold and damp, and as soon as autumn came the Bishop felt the cold intensely and his rheumatism was not improved by it. However, although he was only in residence as Canon for three months in the year, the whole of his time was fully occupied in deputation work up and down the country. In Durham itself, too, he was always ready to help or deputize for Bishop Moule, while the Chapter elected him as their Proctor in the Northern Convocation.

It was not, however, an easy winter. After years of activity and wide executive authority, he found it very difficult to settle into the ways of a cathedral town; his scope was too limited, his colleagues' outlook was too small, their methods and aims appeared to him slight and petty. Removed, too, for so many years from English Church life into a wider, simpler atmosphere, he found those questions, which to most thinking men seem at times comparatively unworthy, wellnigh intolerable, and expressed himself about them with considerable heat.

> The Church [he writes] is not equal to the occasion. Far too much of her energy has been consumed in forging for herself ecclesiastical fetters. At the meeting of the Northern House of Convocation in May the question of millinery will come up for decision—in other words, the "vestments." I think I shall have something to say upon the subject.

Of course, Tucker's habit of taking a "big" view made him perhaps too impatient, and there is an

amusing letter in which he sets out in characteristic fashion the proceedings of a Cathedral Chapter meeting on one of these points that seemed to him relatively unimportant. The old Dean had died and Canon Hensley Henson had been appointed in his place, and the Chapter was considering the procedure of installation.

On Saturday last, at the Chapter here, there was a lengthened discussion on—what do you think? "How to touch the mass of the untouched?" No! "How to help forward the missionary work of the Church?" No! "How to guide the great labour movement?" No! Nothing of the kind! But—how, after the Communion Service was over, the vessels should be carried into the Chapter House for the ablutions. The difficulty was created by the presence of the Bishop. According to ancient custom, the Dean and the Sub-Dean must in the procession support the Bishop, *i.e.* walk on either side of him. Of course, it was impossible that at the same time they could carry the vessels—that would be too much! Then could the vessels be carried behind the Bishop? No; that would be unseemly. Would it be possible for them to be carried in front of the Bishop? That might be done—but by whom? The celebrant ought to carry, but at the installation he will be the Dean. He must walk by the side of the Bishop, or the great central tower would fall! Could they be carried by Minor Canons? That was hardly seemly. I was asked for my opinion. "Oh," I said, "it is beyond me altogether. I cannot plunge down into such deeps." Eventually it was decided to refer the matter to the Bishop. Just fancy five grave and reverend signors devoting a full half-hour to the discussion of such a matter! I asked myself whether it was for this I had come back from the mission field.

In January 1913, after the Dean's installation, he found relief from the winds and damp of the north—he was already being treated for chronic throat

trouble as well as rheumatism—and from the perplexities and stress of his work, in a holiday at Palermo. How he enjoyed it! "I hear of snow storms in England and trains being snowed up. I am sitting out of doors without an overcoat and enjoying the sunshine immensely. . . . In the Cloister garden of the Cathedral here there are geraniums in full bloom—violets, daffodils, roses, snapdragons—flowers without end. The almond trees are in full blossom." The only drawback he experienced was the rudeness of the Palermitans when he was sketching, but he took it philosophically.

> They crowd round until we are obliged to shut up. Yesterday I had stones thrown at me—one fell in my paint box and another about two inches long struck me on the head. However, what is worth having generally costs something.

This holiday set him up so much that in spite of the keen spring winds he kept fairly well, but life at Durham did not go as easily as in the days of the old régime. The Dean was a man of strong views and made considerable changes in the cathedral ritual from the old evangelical tradition. In these matters Tucker resented being in any measure coerced, and not infrequently found himself in open opposition to the Dean. But they were both strong men, and gradually grew to appreciate one another's good qualities.

In June the Bishop had the honour of presenting to Durham University Convocation, for the degree of D.C.L., Sir Frederick Lugard, his comrade in saving Uganda in the dark days more than twenty years before.

That summer, too, a still greater event occurred in the visit to England of Daudi, the young Kabaka of Uganda, and his suite. In July they came to Durham and stayed with the Tuckers, and they accompanied them everywhere, visiting docks and factories, even going down a coal mine. But the most impressive moment of all was when the young king and his suite came to Communion at the cathedral. There, in the very cathedral whose inspiration had sent Tucker out to Africa, was kneeling the son of that royal persecutor who had all but extinguished the Church in Uganda. It caught Tucker's imagination and seemed to add another touch of completion to his work. There they knelt, "within twenty yards of where rests the body of St Cuthbert. One thought of Iona—of Lindisfarne—of Durham and Uganda. Very strikingly the Psalms for the day contained the words, 'Princes shall come to thee out of Egypt, and the Morians' land shall stretch out her hands unto God.'"

August 1913 the Tuckers spent with their son, staying with friends in the north of Scotland, and the Bishop returned to Durham in September feeling better than he had done for some time. Unfortunately, however, through spending two hours in the cathedral, unwontedly chilly after the sunshine of a really warm September day, he caught a severe chill with fever, from which he took over a month to recover. "This is not such an easy process," he writes, "as it was five and twenty years ago. A good deal of the bounce has gone out of the ball." It was an unfortunate beginning for the long winter, but he would not let it interfere with his work. As soon as possible he was once more in the full

swing of missionary engagements—Birmingham and Malvern, Derby and Ireland, with constant visits to London.

In November what is now famous as the Kikuyu controversy broke upon the Church. It arose from a conference which had been held at Kikuyu between missionaries of the non-Roman missionary societies working in Uganda and East Africa, including the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda, in regard to the denominational difficulties in the African Church and the possibilities of unity. Certain proposals were drawn up and agreed upon, particularly in regard to interchange of pulpits and inter-communion, but the Anglican members made it quite clear that their agreement on these points was entirely subject to the approval of the authorities of the Church of England. The members of the conference then joined in a united Communion service at which the Bishop of Mombasa celebrated, in the only consecrated building, the Scottish Mission Church. For this, and for their resolutions, the Bishop of Zanzibar wrote a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury calling upon him to put the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa on their trial for "the grievous faults of propagating heresy and committing schism."

Into the pros and cons of this controversy there is no need to enter here. Its facts are history, its implications have become the inspiration for a great deal of the missionary comity since accomplished, and its challenge has been largely responsible for the quickening of the desire for the unity of the Church throughout the world, and for the growing determination of the younger Churches of Africa and the East not to be chained by the denominational

fetters of the last three hundred years of western Christendom. But in November 1913 the Bishop of Zanzibar's letter was like the bursting of a dam which some slow movement of nature had laid across a high mountain valley, and behind which the pent-up waters of its glacier streams had gradually gathered the mighty force hidden beneath their calm surface. The slow but sure movement of the Spirit in the Church towards a deeper obedience to the Mind of Christ in our common Christian life, and the deep desire to follow this Voice in a spirit of adventurous obedience, had in a way been held up by the fear that this new obedience might imply other deep disloyalties, a fear which easily crystallizes into a seemingly rigid conservatism. The Kikuyu Conference and the Bishop of Zanzibar's letter, however, burst through the dam, and everything swirled together for a while in a seemingly turgid and destructive stream of conflicting opinion.

In this conflict it was inevitable that Tucker should take a leading part, not only because, where he felt keenly, it was his nature to speak and act strongly, but because he was in a large measure implicated in what had taken place at Kikuyu. For that Conference was the sequence of similar action which had been taken by Bishop Willis of Uganda years before when he was a missionary in Kavirondo, under Tucker's episcopate and with his approval. By letters to the press, at meetings and in conference Tucker entered the lists boldly in defence of the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa.

To himself it brought a new fellowship with the Dean of Durham, who warmly espoused the cause of Kikuyu. "Have you seen the Dean's letter?"

he writes. "He wields a vigorous pen." The Dean himself in a memorial sermon after Tucker's death refers to this association between them.

> It was a great satisfaction to me to find that he and I, from very different points of view, had arrived at substantially identical conclusions on that solemn and urgent subject. . . . Again and again he said to me, that he could not believe that a project so hopeful, so carefully planned, begun and carried through with such earnest prayer for the Holy Spirit's guidance, so plainly serviceable to the cause of truth and charity, could be destined to formal condemnation by the heads of the Anglican Hierarchy. I was accustomed to reply that the decision of Hierarchies mattered little, when the verdict of the Christian conscience was so decisive and so manifest, as in this case.

One of the immediate consequences of this controversy to the Bishop was that he postponed for a month his annual winter holiday, which he had planned to take in Algiers, owing to the expected arrival of the Bishop of Zanzibar. When he did get away the unusual coldness of the winter in that usually warm place not only failed to set him up, but had a severe effect upon his health.

In March he was in his usual whirl of preaching engagements and was beginning to feel the pressure. "I leave here (Durham) to-morrow (Friday) for Wolsingham, Leamington, and Coventry, at all of which places I am either speaking or preaching between now and Tuesday morning. When that time arrives I expect I shall feel very much like a squeezed orange!"

May followed with the rush of "May Meetings," and after Whitsun he had a most violent attack of his dyspepsia, so violent that he was sufficiently

alarmed to promise Mrs Tucker that he would see a specialist when he went up to London. He was due there on Monday, June 15th, for a meeting of the committee on "Faith and Order," and insisted on going to Bath the previous Thursday to baptize a godson. On the Saturday he came to London and took a garden meeting at Isleworth, and on the Sunday he went to Broxbourne, the parish of his old friend and colleague, Archdeacon Walker, where he preached twice.

On Monday morning he came to London, and first of all paid a visit to the Academy where he had a picture "hung" for the second time in two years. Then he went to the specialist, who quickly saw that the disease was angina pectoris, but knowing that the Bishop was attending a meeting and not wishing to alarm him at once, he merely gave him one or two directions and asked him to see him again as soon as possible. Tucker lunched at a restaurant and then took a bus to Westminster. He was crossing Dean's Yard on his way to the Jerusalem Chamber, where the meeting was to be held, when an agonizing stab of pain struck him, and he fell into the arms of the Dean's chauffeur, who was standing by him.

He was carried into the Deanery, and half unconscious with pain he was able to murmur the name of his doctor in Wimpole Street, and to ask that a telegram should be sent to his wife in Stroud. The doctor came, but he passed from one attack to another, though at half-past four he rallied enough to discover that in the confusion the telegram had not been sent, and to order that it should be sent at once and signed in his own name. He died

at five o'clock that afternoon, and his wife did not arrive till nine, while no one seems to have known how or where to find his son, who was in London the whole time. It was strange that he should die, as he had spent most of his life, apart from the two he loved best, but where more fittingly could he die than within a stone's throw of where lay the body of that other indomitable "tramp" of Africa, David Livingstone, Africa's great Path-Finder, as Tucker had been one of her Master-Builders.

They buried him in the shadow of Durham Cathedral on a day of summer sunshine such as he loved, fit comrade of those heroic missionary saints of the sturdy north, Columba and Aidan, Cuthbert and Bede.

> "*Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass,*
> *The Cross hath won the field!*"

they sang in triumph as the long procession moved slowly from the cathedral to the graveside.

INDEX

A

Acholi, Tucker's visit to, 161–3
Africa—
  Europe and the discovery of, 11–13
  European scramble for, 36–7
African ministry, 83–5, 91, 95, 110, 115, 181
  self-support, 95, 110, 181
Ankole, Tucker visits, 140–3, 175–6
Artist, Tucker as, 18, 19–20, 26, 27, 69, 113, 132, 150, 175, 195, 200

B

Berlin treaty, 47
Brad, Père, 59
British East Africa Company, 41, 43, 44, 56–7
  and withdrawal from Uganda, 66–8, 87–8, 102
Bunyoro, Tucker's visits to, 134–5, 182–3
Busoga, Tucker's visits to, 138

C

Cathedral in Uganda, 81, 151–3, 165–7, 189–90, 191, 192
Christopher, Canon, 24, 26–7
Churchill, Winston—
  visit to Uganda, 176
Church Missionary Society, 28
  Tucker accepted by, 31
  defence of Tucker in *Intelligencer*, 93
  division of Tucker's diocese, 119
Church Missionary Society—*continued*
  Tucker's powers as director of Uganda Mission, 119
  and slavery, 123, 124
Communion wine, Tucker and supply of, 112–13
Consecration, Tucker's, 31–2
Constitution of Church in Uganda, 84–5, 119, 146–7, 167, 175, 181–2, 187
Cook, Dr A. R., 130–1, 140–3, 161, 179
Cook, Dr J. H., 143, 160, *quoted*, 160
Curacies, Tucker's, 28

D

Daudi, King of Uganda, 121, 188–9
  confirmed, 189
  visits England, 196
Durham, Tucker's life at, 192–201

E

Education in Uganda, 145–6, 164–5
  industrial, 146
  Mengo High School opened, 164
England, Tucker in, 66–8, 94–5, 118–19, 121, 154–6, 171–4, 178–9, 191, 192–201

F

Famine, 97–101
Fox, Rev. H. E., 28

G

German influence in Uganda, 42, 43–4, 56–7

H

Hannington, Bishop—
  murder of, 29, 37–8, 79–80
  Tucker finds body of, 79–80
  buried in Mengo, 81–2
Hathaway, Rev. E. A., 28, 29
Hirth, Mgr., 89
"Homeless," Tucker's Academy picture, 20
Hut-tax, 148–9

I

Intelligencer, defence of Tucker in C.M.S., 93
Itinerations in Africa, Tucker's, 68–71, 90–1, 96–100, 102, 110–12, 113, 114–15, 124–6, 129–44, 158–60, 161–3, 175–6, 179–80, 181–2

J

Johnston, Sir Harry, 147–8, 155
Journeys, Tucker's—
  to and from Uganda, 46, 48–54, 61–5, 76–80, 91, 101–6, 115–17, 126–7, 155–6
  other, 68–71, 90–1, 96–100, 102, 110–12, 113, 114–15, 124–6, 129–44, 158–60, 161–3, 175, 179–80, 181–2

K

Kagwa, Sir Apolo, 148
  confirmation, 60
  guardian of King Daudi, 121
  in England, 154–5
Kalema, King of Uganda, 41
Kasagama, King of Toro, 111–12, 113–14
Kikuyu controversy, 197–9
Kilimanjaro, Tucker's first view of, 69
Kitching, A. L., 159, *quoted*, 160
Kiwewa, King of Uganda, 40
  deposed, 41
Koki, Tucker's visit to, 137–8

L

Lambeth Conference, 178
Langdale, Tucker's home at, 17–23
Lay readers, first, 61
Levinhac, Père, 41
Lourdel, Père, 41
Lugard, Captain (Sir Frederick), 56–7, 58, 66, 72, 195
  quoted, 72

M

Mackay, Alexander, 29, 30, 32–3, 34–5, 37–8, 41
  banished from Uganda, 39
  death, 42
Mackinnon, Sir William, 67
Maintenance of native workers, 95, 110, 181
Marriage, Tucker's, 27
Martyrs in Uganda, Christian, 37–9
  memorial to, 187
Mboga, Tucker's visit to, 133–4
Mengo High School, 164
Mochi, withdrawal of British mission, 70
Mohammedans in Uganda, 35, 40, 42, 55
Mombasa taken into Protectorate, 102
Mtesa, King of Uganda, 35, 36

Mwanga, King of Uganda, 36–7, 38, 39, 43–4, 56
deposed, 40
return, 42
first meeting with Tucker, 58
defeat, 71
joins Protestant Church, 72
at Hannington's burial, 81–2
revolt, 120–1
capture, 138

N

Native ministry, 83–5, 91, 95, 110, 115
self-support, 95, 110, 181
missionary work, 110–11, 112, 130, 181

O

Ordination of Baganda priests and deacons, 91, 115
Ordination, Tucker's, 28
Oxford, Tucker at, 24–7

P

Parentage, Tucker's, 17, 19
Parker, Bishop, 30, 39
Persecution of Christians in Uganda, 37–9
Peters, Dr Carl, 42, 43
Physical strength, Tucker's, 18, 31, 71
Portal, Sir Gerald, 74, 75, 86, 87–8, 89–90, 94
quoted, 74
Price, J. C., 98, 101

R

Railway, Uganda, 74, 102, 124–5, 126, 152
Rakeri, 157–8
Religious impressions, Tucker's early, 19–20
Roman Catholics in Uganda, 35
disputes with Protestants, 40, 42–3, 55–7, 58–60, 71–2, 85–6, 89–90, 120
Roosevelt, Theodore—
visit to Uganda, 186

S

Sadler, Colonel, 156, 161, 166
Scramble for Africa, European, 36–7
Sim, Josephine, *see* Mrs Alfred Tucker
Slavery, Tucker and, 70–1, 88–9, 106, 122–4, 143–4
Sleeping sickness, 156–8, 173–4
Society of Mission Associates, 27

T

Times, The, attack on Protestant missionaries, 92–3
Toro, Tucker's visits to, 129, 167–9, 182–3
Tucker, Alfred, *quoted*, 28, 29, 30, 31, 48–9, 51–2, 60, 61–2, 69, 71, 73, 75–6, 78, 80, 84, 86, 87, 91, 92–3, 94, 100–1, 105, 106, 112–13, 118, 124, 131, 133, 146, 152, 158, 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 167–8, 169, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 187, 190, 193, 194, 195
Tucker, Mrs Alfred (*née* Josephine Sim), 21, 25–6, 27
Tucker, Hathaway, 30, 155, 175, 191

U

Uganda—
beginnings of Christianity in, *see* chap. iv.

Uganda—*continued*
routes to, 34, 46, 73
French Roman Catholic party in, 35, 40, 42–3, 55–7, 58–60, 71–2, 85–6, 89–90
Mohammedan faction in, 35, 40, 42, 55
British East Africa Company in, 41, 43, 44
German influence in, 42, 43–4, 56–7
journeys to and from, 46, 48–54, 61–5, 76–80, 91, 101–6, 115–17, 126–7
when Tucker arrived, 54
railway, 74, 102, 124–5, 126, 152, 155–6
cathedral, 81, 151–3
British assume control, 88, 102
declared a British protectorate, 94
Uganda—*continued*
first women missionaries reach, 101–6
under British control, 108
education in, 146, 164–5
Mengo High School, 164

W

Walker, Archdeacon, 52
quoted, 44, 192
Women missionaries to Uganda, first, 101–6

Z

Zanzibar, Bishop of—
visits Tucker, 169
Kikuyu controversy, 197–9
Zanzibar, bombardment of, 116–17

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